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THE NATIONAL
POLICE
NEXT WEEK
GAZETTE
THE LEAST ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SHE ASSAULTED THE CRITIC.

AN IRATE COMIC OPERA SINGER LEAVES THE STAGE IN MONTREAL TO ATTACK A NEWSPAPERMAN.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE.
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BOXING CONTESTS NOT ILLEGAL.

The fact that the Supreme Courts in the States of Louisiana and Florida have decided that boxing contests are not illegal is a glorious vindication of what the POLICE GAZETTE has maintained right along. This news will be greeted with joy in the sporting world, and it will give a fresh impetus to the manly art in the South.

In view of this fact, several new clubs have already been formed both in New Orleans and Jacksonville, and the competition that will ensue between them and the older organizations will bring about some good matches for very large purses.

Strenuous efforts are being made to have the Corbett-Jackson match brought off South of Mason and Dixon's line, and the bidding between rival clubs is likely to be very exciting. There is also talk of arranging a match between Bob Fitzsimmons and Joe Choyinski, and having it take place at New Orleans.

Therefore, the publication of the magnificent supplement which will be given next week free to every purchaser of the POLICE GAZETTE comes in at the proper moment. It represents James J. Corbett and Peter Jackson as they will appear in the ring when the proposed match takes place. It is lithographed in twelve colors, and the artist has succeeded, not only in accurately reproducing the features of both of these modern gladiators, but he is also to be congratulated on the fact that he has injected a certain amount of action in the attitudes of both fighters, which places it far above the stereotyped and conventional pictures of this kind.

The success achieved by the last supplement issued by the POLICE GAZETTE, which represented Corbett and Mitchell in the ring, argues well for the reception of the present one. No expense has been spared to more than surpass the previous high standard set by this paper in publications of this kind. This means that the coming picture will be a work of art worthy of being handsomely framed. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, who will furnish it free with every copy of No. 872 of the POLICE GAZETTE.

MASKS AND FACES.

A Plea for the Sprightly and Chic Chorus Girl.

MAY YOHE'S METEORIC LIFE.

The Difficulties Encountered in Writing a Successful Comic Opera to Order.

OTERO A SENSATION IN PARIS.

It is on these sunny afternoons on Broadway that we see the dainty chorus girl in all her glory.

She is generally *chic*, sprightly, silvery-voiced, plump of thigh and slender of ankle, generous in the display of personal charms, wicked of glance, and full of distracting little tricks and enchanting kicks.

She has been made the butt for the arrows of outrageous cynics and picaresque paragraphers, who affect cynicism and diaphanous wit in an abortive effort to appear "real devilish."

She is anathematized by the "unco' guid" and misunderstood by the wicked. As, for some esoteric and inscrutable reason, the ballet girl is popularly portrayed as an antique, a lingering survival of some long-dead decade, so the chorus girl is universally held up to us as a creature abnormal of morals and full of diablerie.

But she is not.

She is just as human and womanly as the average run of her sisters. Only, as we know her, she does not wear garments that are put on over her head; and, again, there is in her scant manifesta-

tion of the typical feminine love of concealment—for she conceals but little besides her age.

In a word, she is just a woman, young or matured, with all the weaknesses and all the strength of womanhood; neither more pious nor more depraved than her sisters, who are by profession millionaires' daughters, or typewriters or shop girls. Usually she is on the stage for what she generally denominates as "simoleons," but instances are by no means rare where she is impelled to invade the magic realm that lies beyond the footlights by other than mercenary considerations. Managers of comic opera, burlesque and spectacular entertainments are constantly solicited for places by girls and women who are not under any shadow of necessity for wage-earning.

Why? Merely vanity. The soul of woman generally thirsts for admiration. Think of the thousands, the hundreds of thousands of women who stand before their mirror and are vexed

and saddened almost to tears by the necessity of hiding from admiring masculine eyes the beautiful form with which nature has endowed them. And this is all the harder to bear when a woman whose face is plain and unattractive is convinced that if the conventionalities of life but permitted the rest of her person as fair a show as her face, her beauty would be irresistible and she would be accorded the adulation she so hungrily craves.

To such women the burlesque or spectacular stage affords a ready and magnificent pretext for revealing their bodily beauties to the public gaze, and there are women in every chorus who are comfortably off in this world's goods, who seek engagements, leave pleasant homes and endure the discomforts of stage life simply because of the opportunities it affords them of presenting themselves before audiences in very low bodices and without skirts.

Nothing has conferred upon the somnolent little town of Bethlehem, Pa., a title of the celebrity which has recently come to it as the birthplace of May Yohe. Authoritative and official advice leaves no room to doubt that this charming divinity of the vaudeville stage has actually become Lady Hope, a sure-enough British peeress.

It is only a half dozen years ago or so that the ambitious Pennsylvania girl determined that the world held larger things than were contained in the ancient Moravian settlement on the Lehigh river, and she set

forth determinedly in quest of them. During the interim May's life has not been a wholly hum drum existence. In fact, she started at the outset to be in the deepest and swiftest swim of the *fin de siècle* hurry scurry. I remember her as a somewhat immature appearing girl, with a face of rare and glorious beauty, legs of unearthly thinness and the voice of an angel. It was a rich, low contralto, better described as a baritone in the lowest notes.

And what a contradictory bundle of contrasts she was! She would break off in the middle of some moving sacred song to hurl imprecation at an offending companion, and her expletives were emphatic enough. I heard

her once sing mellowly and sweetly a well-known hymn until the faces of a callous-hearted group were wet with tears, and while her auditors were recovering from their emotion she drank a pint of champagne from the neck of a bottle and asked for a pack of cards.

And now she is a peeress of Great Britain! The latest amusing feature of the Paris papers just now is the enthusiastic gush over Otero, who is remembered in New York as a feeble mimic of Carmenita. When that sensational Spanish dancer was at Koster & Bial's, the management of the Eden Musee imported Otero as a sort of counter attraction.

Otero had a handsome face, a rather thick waist and no particular grace as a dancer. But she ate supper several times a week at various fashionable restaurants, always accompanied by a number of aspiring dudes. Three or four years ago she went to Paris and danced to silent spectators. She shrugged her shoulders and went to Russia, where her career was one of extraordinary triumph.

When she came back to Paris, a few weeks ago, a Grand Duke was in her train, and the papers were filled with bits of scandal concerning her. The names of nearly all the prominent men in Europe seem to have been drawn into the discussion, in one way or another, and the fact is revealed that Otero does not care for

money, but loves diamonds. She is literally covered with these gems when she dances, having circles, stomachers, tiaras, buttons and rivers of diamonds in every direction. One celebrated critic in Paris says that she has at least a million francs' worth of diamonds, and then adds, naively, that she is the greatest dancer in the world.

J. Cheever Goodwin, who has achieved fame as the librettist of "Evangeline," "The Oolah," "The Merry Monarch," "Wang," "Panjandrum" and several other works of similar character, was talking to me recently about the labor required in preparing such a production.

"The hardest work in preparing comic opera is to frame the story," he said. "It is an easy matter to find a theme, but you must find a theme of sufficient scope to fill an opera. Incidents must be interwoven to carry the story with interest through two or three hours, and when this is lacking it is easy for many to say: 'No plot.' The story may be most interesting, but it is exhausted long before the time is up. I have worked on half a dozen elaborate plots before I could agree with the composer on one which suited. Then came the development of the story and the arrangement of the characters to fit the people who are to produce the piece.

"The trouble with modern burlesque and comic opera is the demand that the people employed, down to the slightest character, must be fitted perfectly. In former

days when the star was of the stage all interest ceased, but the people of to-day expect to be amused every moment during the performance, and it is frequently more difficult to fit the minors than the principals. As a rule, in the matter of material, there is enough accumulated for three entire operas before one can be framed. We discard lyrics and acts piecemeal, and there is much more thrown away than is ever used.

"In the preparation of an extravaganza or comic opera, the scenic artist has quite as important a part as anyone else. Unless there is intimate consultation between the librettist, composer and scenic artist there is much useless expense. When a model accepted everything must work in complete union. A great deal of applause and credit which is given to the author, composer and superintendent of the production is especially due to the scenic artist and costumer. An idea that this work is haphazard will be dispelled with the knowledge that these two are in constant consultation and work together in every detail. The colors

must not jar in the least. Formerly the chorus and characters appeared in each scene in the same costume. To-day the costumer provides a complete description of every costume, including the colors and a sample of the goods.

"There is no lack of subjects," concluded Mr. Goodwin, "but no certain direction can be followed. The old pieces were ready made, those of to-day are custom made, and the best subject is the one to admit of the best tailoring. It is not the new idea so much as the arrangement. A piano has no new notes, they have been struck thousands of times, yet new music is being constantly arranged. The originality lies in putting the incidents and ideas together in attractive, artistic and successful arrangement. One of the greatest difficulties in arrangement is the development of incidents according to a time schedule. They must be elaborated or condensed to exactly a certain time. Everything must go according to the number of minutes, and frequently very pretty scenes must be sacrificed. It requires a very considerable knowledge of the people and their characteristics and peculiarities in forming this arrangement. When the piece is outlined with the composer, a time card must be arranged and a balance struck. So much is allowed for dialogue, singing, entrance, setting and striking of scenes, and when all is complete, the curtain goes up and the new piece is pronounced a success, the author sits back and feels that the hours, days, months, and sometimes years, of labor have been justified."

Adele Ritchie, whose rapid bound from the ranks of the chorus in "The Isle of Champagne" to the position of prima donna in "The Algerian" has given her a wide degree of publicity, seems to be governed by some remarkable impulses. One of the members of her company amused a group of listeners recently with a dozen stories of her doings in Texas.

"The morning after our performance in Galveston," said she, "Miss Ritchie asked me how I liked the city. On my telling her that I was very much impressed with it, she surprised me by asking:

"Don't you think it would be a jolly good idea to remain here for the rest of the week? The other towns in which we are booked are miserable places and I will telegraph the 'Governor' now that it would be better to lay off here for the rest of the week."

"The 'Governor' was the wealthy enthusiast who had supplied capital to the amount of several thousand dollars for the purpose of gratifying Miss Ritchie's ambition to be the important personage of a comic opera organization, and he was then in New York. The telegram was sent, an answer which I presume was favorable came quickly, and the company remained in Galveston for five nights. How did she settle with the managers of the towns where she failed to appear? I don't know anything about that. This is a dry business detail with which artists are not supposed to concern themselves."

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THE CHORUS GIRL'S DREAM.

tation of the typical feminine love of concealment—for she conceals but little besides her age.

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PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

A Chicago Actor's Matrimonial Venture, and the Sequel.

MUCH LIKE BRECKINRIDGE.

A Bridgeport, Ct., Man's Plea Resembles That of the Kentucky Colonel.

NOVEL GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE.

Paul Gilmore had a poor time of it during his short married career. He is an actor and will be remembered as a member of the "Ensign" company. His brother is the lessee of the Standard Theatre, at Chicago, and the pair are well known in theatrical circles.

Judge Tuley now has the evidence in the case under advisement and when Paul again returns to Chicago he will be presented with a brand new divorce decree by his attorney, Victor D. L. Mudge.

The complainant met his wife, Annie Gilmore, only a few short months ago while in a Wisconsin city. She was pretty and engaging and during a short week's engagement of the company Paul made the most of his time. They were married hastily and Annie remained with her husband until they came to Chicago. While there the couple concluded that it was too expensive for her to follow him on his trips and so Paul established a home for his pretty wife at 77 Sangamon street. With many fond kisses they parted company, Paul asking his brother to take a friendly interest in his wife while he was away. Had the brother failed to carry out his wishes Paul might even now be laboring under the fond delusion that his wife was true to her vows. He had not been gone long, however, before the complainant found out things that amazed him.

One night he saw Annie on State street in company with a man and saw them visit several saloons. He had her watched and soon learned that she was entertaining in her husband's absence a west side saloon-keeper, a policeman and several others. When Paul learned this his rage was boundless and the divorce courts were appealed to. The bill he filed charged his wife of a few months with adultery with numerous men. On the night of the day the bill was filed the papers in the case were given to a deputy sheriff to serve. Gilmore, his brother and the deputy went to 77 Sangamon street, Annie not knowing that her husband was in the city. After repeated knockings at the door Annie appeared clothed in her night robe. The party pushed its way into the hall and through an open door they saw a man in Annie's bed.

The naughty woman then had the nerve to throw her arms around her husband's neck, so the evidence shows, and weep scalding tears.

"Forgive me, Paul," she said. "He is only a friend and nothing more. I was only sitting on the edge of the bed talking with him and really I have done nothing wrong."

But Paul knew too much about women to be fooled and had not the deputy been present there would have been a dead adulterer that night at 77 Sangamon street. Paul's brother, however, restrained him while the deputy served the papers and then the actor hustled out of the house. Annie did not defend the case.

Something new in divorce cases has turned up in San Francisco, where the Superior Court is struggling over a question which is new to the world and to the law. A man of sensitive feelings is suing his wife for divorce because she is cruel to him, and the cruelty, he says, consists in the fact that she wears bleached hair. In his complaint he says:

"Bleached or artificially colored hair is easily distinguished as such, and does not appear natural, nor does it deceive any person, but it is perfectly patent and noticeably conspicuous. It is regarded by the majority of right-thinking persons as an indication of a loose, dissolute and wanton disposition, and is regarded as, and commonly held to be, a practice never affected by modest, pure and respectable women."

Later on the husband speaks of being mortified, shamed, and humiliated because his wife changed the color of her hair. He adds:

"She is a brunette naturally. Her hair is of chestnut-brown color, which, in its normal state, is modest and becoming, and harmonizes with the natural color of her skin and eyes. Since we married she has, against my wishes and protests, and with intent to vex, annoy, exasperate and shame me, dyed her hair and changed its shade to a conspicuous and showy straw or canary color. As a consequence of this artificial coloring she has been obliged to paint her face to secure an artificial complexion in keeping with the artificial color of her hair. The combination has given her a giddy, fast and sporty appearance."

The suit of this San Francisco litigant will call attention to the gradual disappearance of the chemical blondes in New York. Without going into the question of whether a molasses taffy color of hair gives the wearer "a giddy, fast and sporty appearance," it is certain that the number of women whose heads are decorated by yellow hair is rapidly diminishing. Everybody is familiar with the woman of advanced years whose head is suddenly surrounded by a mop of bright yellow hair. It makes her face, which formerly looked wholesome enough, colorless, old and gray, but it does not deter her elderly sisters from following her exam-

ple. The artificial blonde has been laughed out of the theatres and public places in New York at last, though she has not yet been charged with sportiveness in our divorce courts on account of her yellow locks.

Following the example of Col. Breckinridge under similar circumstances, Edward T. Whitlock, in court at Bridgeport, Ct., attributed his downfall to the wiles of Mary Brower.

"Do you mean to say," said her lawyer, "that she betrayed you?"

"That's about the size of it," replied Whitlock.

The case is on trial before Judge Thayer. The plaintiff, Mrs. Mary C. Brower, and Mr. Whitlock, as well as their families, are members of the Hanson Place Methodist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. She charges that he is the father of her daughter Mary's babe, which is now two and a half years old. She was a dressmaker at No. 184 South Elliott Place, Brooklyn, in 1890. Mary, the betrayed girl, was then twenty years old, while Whitlock was two years younger. She was the first witness. She is an uncommonly small and slender girl; Whitlock is a six-footer, portly and handsome.

She testified that she first met Whitlock at a meeting in church at which the pastor told those present to throw off formality, shake hands, and become acquainted. She shook hands with young Whitlock and soon after became engaged. She says he betrayed her under promise of marriage and that her babe was born in July, 1891.

On his own behalf Whitlock testified that he did not make her acquaintance in church, but that she tried several times to attract his attention by flirting a handkerchief at him on the street. He spoke to her first on

her parents a mile from that village. A few months ago she met at a party young William O'Neill, of Arcade. They fell in love. For some reason the girl's father objected to O'Neill's addresses to his daughter, and a week or so ago forbade him the house. The lovers managed to communicate with each other and an elopement was planned. O'Neill was to have a carriage at the house on a certain night last week, and in it Miss Thoman was to be driven to her lover, who was to be waiting for her in the village. At least that was the plan, but the girl's father in some way discovered it, and he forthwith made his daughter a prisoner in a room in the second story of their cottage. News was carried to O'Neill of the imprisonment of Miss Thoman and the bold plan of eloping that very day, in broad daylight, while the stern father was off his guard, was decided upon.

Fred Peek, of Avoca, who had already managed two successful elopements, was engaged to go after the girl. He drove to the Thoman residence. There was no ladder on the premises, and Father Thoman, who was busy in his barn, had the key to the girl's room in his pocket. But his daughter was equal to the occasion. She tied the bed clothes together and came down out of the window hand over hand. She had not reached the carriage when her father came out of the barn and discovered her escape. He ran to recapture her, but Peek helped her into the carriage, got on his seat and whipped up his horses before the irate parent reached the spot, and away he flew with the girl toward her lover.

It happened that Thoman's horses were away, but he started in pursuit of his daughter on foot. Peek drove on a dead run to the village. O'Neill joined them at the hotel and they drove quickly to Squire McMillan's office. The Squire married them, and they were on

full of smoke, and an occasional flash of red told her that it had already begun to burn. She steadied herself on the soap box and then shattered the window with a single blow of her axe. The glass had hardly ceased falling before she had seized the sill firmly and shot her body half way into the room. Smoke and flame shot out on either side of her, and the persons who watched below thought that she must lose her life in her heroic endeavor.

But she fell back. The box slipped as her feet struck it again and she rolled upon the shed. She regained her feet in an instant, and panting and disheveled reached the ground once more. "I did my best," said she simply. "God help the little ones now."

By this time two fire companies had arrived, but the house was beyond saving and soon nothing remained except the foundation walls. Several hours afterward, when the ruins had cooled, they found three charred little bodies.

BATTLE WITH COXEY'S FOLLOWERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The first bloodshed resulting from the clashes between the law and the Industrial Army movement, of which Coxe is the leader, was witnessed at Billings, Mont. One morning recently the town was thrown into wild excitement by the announcement that the train-stealing contingent of the Coxe army was rushing into the city on a Northern Pacific train from the West at a high rate of speed, closely followed by a train load of United States deputy marshals. The truth of the statement was verified a few minutes before noon, when the train of box cars ran into town. The Coxeites were overtaken by the special train of the marshals just as they entered the limits of the city. After their arrival it was learned that the marshals' train overtook the Hogan contingent just as they were pulling away from Columbus, formerly known as Stillwater, and attempted to arrest the progress of the train bearing the unemployed. The leaders would not yield to the demands of the marshals to give up the train, and instructed their men to go ahead, which was done. The two trains came on during the forenoon hours until the city was reached, when a stop was ordered, the conflict between the two bodies resulting.

Marshal McDermott then ordered the leaders of the captured train to surrender, and when the latter refused a few of the marshals fired upon the crowd of men on the cars. The shots were quickly returned by the Industrials.

A number of shots were exchanged between the parties before Marshal McDermott could gain control of his men. During the firing one of the deputies was seriously wounded and one of the men on the rear platform of the car was shot in the groin. McDermott decided that his men were not equal to the odds against them and ordered his men to cease firing.

The captured train soon after pulled out from the depot, and McDermott notified the authorities that his force was inadequate to capture the 500 men who were determined to retain possession of the train. The party then proceeded to Forsyth, Montana.

Meantime Col. Page of Fort Keogh had secured a special train and was thundering down the road to meet the train-stealing contingent. He came into Forsyth shortly after midnight, and found a large part of the Coxe army asleep in the box cars. The surprise was so complete that the Coxeites gave up without a struggle. The troops left most of the men aboard of the train and surrounded it. The military instructions to Gen. Merritt were to hold the train and all on board until they could be delivered to the United States Marshal for Montana, subject to the order of the United States District Court.

EGGED IN HIS PULPIT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Rev. Samuel Rothermel, of Monument City, Ind., recently swore out warrants against nine young men who, he alleges, disturbed his meetings. A noisy crowd appeared at one of the Sunday services and raised a disturbance. He protested, and in return received a volley of eggs that broke over him and several other persons. The excuse given by the assailants is that the Rev. Rothermel is such a poor speaker that they wanted to keep him from holding any more meetings.

SHE ASSAULTED THE CRITIC.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

During a performance at the French Opera House, in Montreal, Canada, Madame Glonville, the leading lady, left the stage and attacked Mr. St. Louis, a prominent critic, on account of certain criticisms he had made on her performance. The affair caused a great uproar, and the police had to put an end to the disturbance.

A PLUCKY WOMAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Nora Green, who resides near Nortonville, in Logan county, Ky., must be a plucky woman. She was preparing some food for a tramp and the impudent fellow kissed her. She grabbed her husband's pistol and shot him twice.

CHARLES BEARD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A picture of Charles Beard appears in this issue. Mr. Beard is a young comedian who also does a "turn" with musical instruments. He will be heard with some prominent vaudeville company next season.

THOMAS J. SHELLEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Thomas J. Shelley is the treasurer of the Imperial Music Hall. He is a popular young man with the patrons of the house, and well known in professional circles. His portrait appears on another page.

Too often the case! "Ruined by a Faithless Woman." No. 11 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. One of the best of the Series; 48 illustrations by French artists. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



SHE ENTERTAINED HER HUSBAND'S FRIENDS.

their way back to the hotel when they met the bride's father, furious and foaming. He made a dash to catch the horses by the bridle, but Peek whipped them up and the old gentleman went sprawling in the street.

TRIED TO SAVE HER CHILDREN

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

By the burning of Philip Schneider's dwelling in South Scranton, Pa., three of his children, who were in the upper room, lost their lives. Mrs. Schneider, who was at work in the garden, saw the smoke pouring from the kitchen window. Almost crazed at the thought of the sleeping children she dashed up the steps and in the kitchen. She was smitten by a wave of smoke and flame and sent reeling back into the little garden.

In the meantime several women had reached the scene from the neighboring houses, Annie Reidenbaugh among them, and the girl was one of the first to seize Mrs. Schneider when she attempted to run into the blazing house again. With the names of her children upon her lips, the mother fought desperately against detention and finally, with a supreme effort, freed herself.

The kitchen was a mass of fire, and straight toward it she dashed so swiftly that none could overtake her. Another burst of fire and the frenzied woman threw up her arms and sank insensible on the sill.

Some of the other women shrieked and their hands in helpless fright, but Annie Reidenbaugh and several others ran forward in the face of the blistering heat and, seizing Mrs. Schneider by the dress, dragged her away from her perilous position.

"Let us try the front door!" cried Annie Reidenbaugh. It came like an inspiration and they all ran around to the other side of the house. Annie was the first to reach the door. It was locked. Nothing daunted she seized an axe, and directing her blows with a steady arm, battered in the barrier.

Then she leaped in through the shattered woodwork only to be driven back scorching and half stifled. Annie Reidenbaugh is made of stern stuff. She did not faint, and although she was suffering acutely from several burns, she didn't seem to realize it. Staggering back on the little porch she soon recovered herself and was quick to action again.

The window of the room near the one in which the children lay overlooked the roof of the porch. Annie climbed up to the roof, encouraged by the cries of her companions. The window she wished to enter was too far above her. She leaped up once or twice, but, though her hands struck the sill, she could not maintain her hold.

Then some one threw a soap box to her, and the eighteen-year-old heroine mounted it and was able to reach the window. She could see that the room was

the street, and she asked him into her mother's house. He says that although her conduct in the street was not at all indelicate, her manner changed in the parlor. She seated herself in his lap, and made bold advances. When he rebuked her for her forwardness she lightly said, "Oh, that's all right." She asked him to visit her again two nights later, when her mother would be out. Mrs. Whitlock, his mother, testified that she had warned Mrs. Brower that the young people ought not to be allowed to associate as they were doing, yet Mrs. Brower permitted them to continue to sit up late in her parlor. This evidence was ruled out. The Rev. J. J. Faust, of the Hanson Place Church, testified that members of his congregation had urged him to go to Mrs. Brower's house and marry the couple if Whitlock would consent. He went, and found Miss Brower and Whitlock sitting on a sofa. He urged him to marry the girl at once. Whitlock appeared confused and wanted time to consult his parents. Mr. Faust urged an immediate ceremony. Meanwhile the girl, who was crying on the sofa, said:

"You're not ashamed of me, are you, Willie?"

"No, I'm not ashamed of you," he said. "I'll stand by you. I'm an honorable man, and I'll do what's right."

Still he refused to be married at that time. He went away, promising to return next night and be married. Instead of doing so he left the city. As soon as he became of age her lawyer laid an attachment for \$6,000 on realty which Whitlock inherited in Bridgeport. During part of her intimacy Whitlock was on the schoolship St. Mary's, and the letters he wrote to her at that time are to be used against him. Mr. Faust spoke in the highest terms of Miss Brower.

The prettiest girl in and around the village of Aurora, N. Y., was Clara Thoman. She lived with

ST. NEXT WEEK! Order your copy in advance, or send \$1.00 for 13 weeks' subscription. If you want to be sure of getting the splendid life-size Corbett-Jackson Supplement, in twelve colors, which will be given away with No. 878 of the POLICE GAZETTE, published Thursday, May 16th. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, New York.



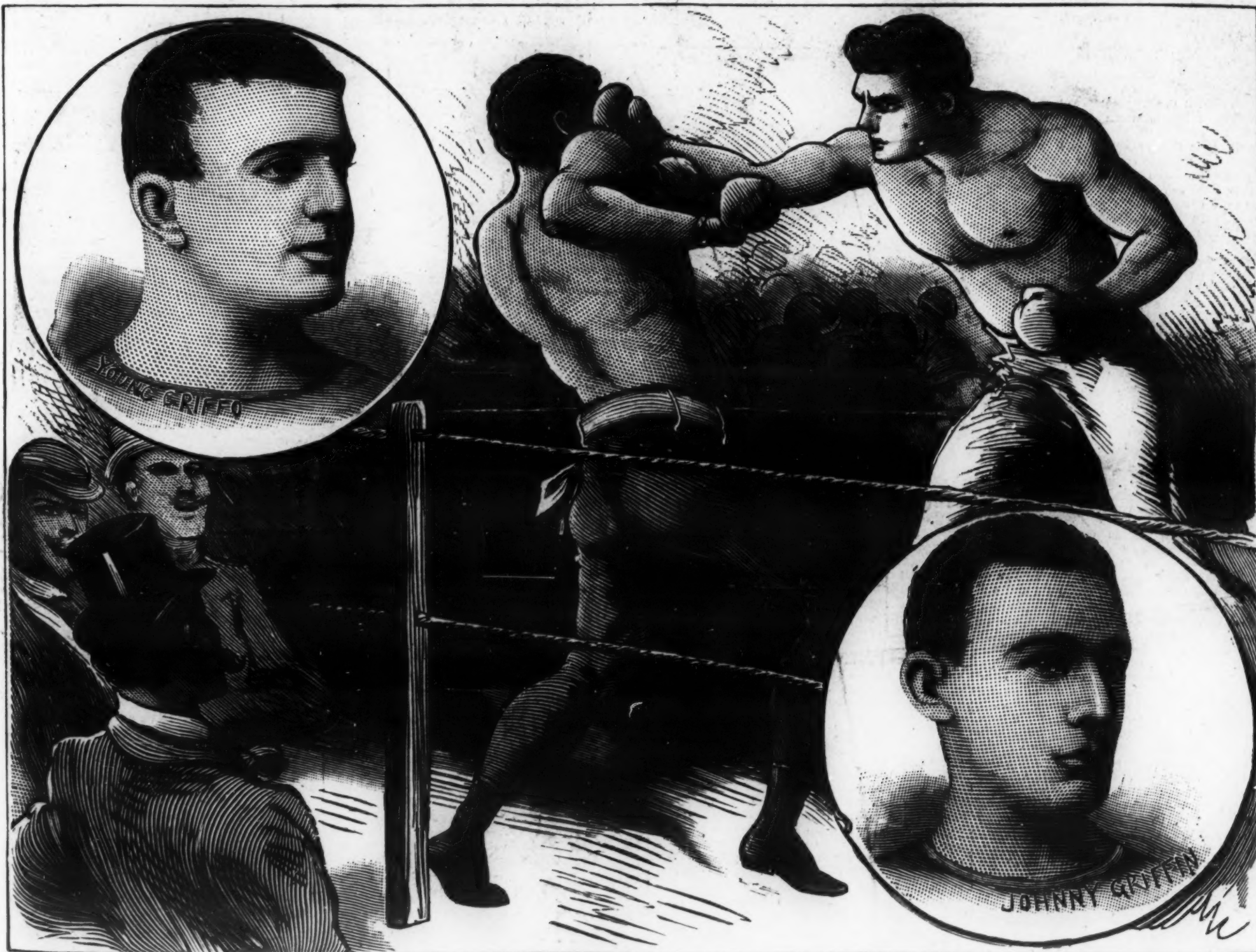
A CHARMING TRIO.

IT INCLUDES PRETTY GERALDINE ULMAR, TALENTED M'LE BIANCA AND WINSOME KITTY COLEMAN.



FOUGHT FOR HIS LIFE.

PHILIP STROUSSE HAS A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE WITH A WOULD-BE MURDERER, NEAR NEWARK, N. J.



FOUGHT TO A DRAW.

JOHNNY GRIFFIN AND YOUNG GRIFFIO, THE AUSTRALIAN, HAVE A LIVELY EIGHT-ROUND BATTLE, IN BOSTON,

HER HUSBAND LEFT HER.

C. W. M. Meniecke Escapes from Home in a Gauzy Attire.

HIS FAMILY WAS THE CAUSE.

Mrs. Meniecke has Her Own Version of the Affair, which She Explains.

SHE VIGOROUSLY WIELDS A RAWHIDE

One of the apartments of No. 112 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, in New York City, has been very active during the past nine days, lawyers, doctors, messengers, citizens, men, women and children arriving and departing. There have been loud conversations, shouts, screams, walls, imprecations, pleadings. This apartment is the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. M. Meniecke and their children and Mrs. Meniecke's children by her first husband. Mr. Meniecke is a dealer in druggist's supplies at No. 257 Greenwich street, the head of a most prosperous business, and one of a Jersey City family of considerable wealth. Mrs. Meniecke is a young woman of Pelhamville, New York, very good to look at, twice married, the mother of an incredible number of children, considering her age, the heroine of a railway wreck, and a woman that loves her husband too much for her or his good, as she herself says. It may be well to say also that Mr. Meniecke loves his wife too much for her or her good.

It seems that when Mr. Meniecke, whom Mrs. Meniecke calls Willie, first met her she was married to another man. "I shall not say much of my first," said Mrs. Meniecke, "except that he was a man any woman on Fifth avenue might be proud to marry. But Mr. Meniecke came. Everybody says they don't see what I see in him, he being tall and lank and consumptive looking and very black, but I do, and did love him, and he has the greatest fascination for me and I for him. I am a sensible woman in most things, but about Mr. Meniecke I am a plain fool."

So it came to pass that Mrs. Meniecke divorced her first husband and married Mr. Meniecke secretly, and afterward, March 28, openly.

"You would have to understand all about our dispositions," said Mrs. Meniecke, "before you could understand about our troubles."

"But how about the disappearance of Mr. Meniecke in his nightgown at midnight?"

"I shall get to that presently," said Mrs. Meniecke. "I am in a terrible state and the twins were born only six weeks ago. They came earlier because I fell through a fire escape. Oh, that was awful! But I am a healthy woman, and I may say that Mr. Meniecke and my first could call for congratulations every 10 months. I never missed in nearly 10 years. But, as I was saying, Mr. Meniecke and I love each other too well. We might have got on very well if it had not been for some of his people. His mother came, and his sisters. They didn't like it because I had help when they had no help, but did their own work. I liked to dress nice and they said I was extravagant. Why, when my mother came she would not turn over a piece of paper to see what was on the other side. But his people inquired into everything. They said I kept him from his business. Now, how could I?"

"But why did he leave in his nightgown at midnight?" "I shall get to that. Well, he and I signed separation papers once, but in less than a week he was back. Only he didn't want to live with me as a husband should with a wife. He just wanted to stay over Sunday and then go away."

"Well, things went on, and he came and went away and came back again. When he went away he used to wave at me from way up the street, and I waved my handkerchief to him; but he wouldn't come again for a long time. On the wedding anniversary he sent flowers, but I sent them back. At last I couldn't stand it any longer. The twins had just been born, and they were so delicate that they had to be cared for like a flower in March. So I went down to his office and got him and brought him up here. That was ten days ago. And when I got him to bed he said he would go away in the morning, but I said 'No, indeed,' and I hid his shoes and his coat and vest. Well, his people came and the lawyer came, and my doctor and a strange doctor came, and everybody was trying to work to adjust things, but somehow nothing would come straight. This lasted until last Tuesday. He spent the day quietly with me. In the evening I got a barber to come in and shave him. Then several people came and tried to settle things and then we were left alone."

"Now, Mr. Meniecke is one of those men who doesn't care particularly about nice nightshirts, or any of that sort of thing. He calls nice clothes nonsense. But I am a great believer in nice things. I was brought up that way. And so whenever I saw a nice nightgown, a fine pink or blue one, or some delicate shade, I liked to buy it for Meniecke. So the other evening I laid out a nice pale blue nightgown with ribbons for him, and then I put on a thin silk night gown and we went to bed. But he got up and said he wasn't going to stay any longer. He said he was feeling very sick, and he got up and went into the other room, where there is no

bed, nothing but a lounge. I took the bed out of there. He locked himself in and said he wouldn't come out until I gave him his vest and shoes. He had on his trousers."

"And the pale blue nightgown, with ribbons?" "Yes, his nightgown and his trousers. I got up to look through the transom at him and broke the transom. Then I gave him his vest and shoes, and went in the bedroom and lay down, waiting for him to come back, but he did not come. I heard the door slam and feet scurrying down the stairs."

"And what did you do?" "I rushed out in my thin gown and bare feet, with nothing else on, and ran down stairs and into the street, calling after him."

"And where was he?" "I don't know. I couldn't see him anywhere. He was gone. I haven't seen him since. I had to run back because I was nearly frozen with hardly anything at all on."

"And did Mr. Meniecke have a hat?" "No, indeed. I had his hat locked up."

"Or a coat?" "No, and I don't think he had a vest. I think he just had his nightgown tucked into his trousers and his shoes on his feet."

"And has he disappeared?" "No, I had a note from him saying he would not write to me any more until I returned the rest of his clothes."

"And what are you going to do?" "I don't know what to do. I love him and he loves me. I know he prefers me to any woman in the world. I don't see why he should act so. He would tell you himself that he loves me."

"You have said you were going to bring suit for damages against his partners for alienating his affections."

"Yes, they are all against me. But I feel sure he will come back. He says he can't live without me."

"Are you going to separate from him?" "I don't know. You see, I don't understand myself about him. I don't know what will happen."

This is only a little bit of Mrs. Meniecke's story. She



SHE PURSUED HIM IN HER NIGHTGOWN.

tells about the multitudes of people that have been calling since she began to confine her husband and what they all said and did.

A few days later, there was a flash of a white nightgown and the swish of a rawhide in Greenwich street. Both were in the hands of Mrs. Meniecke. The nightgown was the one in which her husband braved the chill night air when he fled from his house like a phantom in the night.

Mrs. Meniecke waved the garment like an oriflamme of war while she sawed the air with the rawhide in an attempt to chastise her brother-in-law, Edward Boese, whom she charges with assisting in the alienation of her husband's affections.

Mrs. Meniecke punctuated the blows with caustic remarks. "You would try to rob me of my husband, would you," she shouted, as she swished her rawhide right and left. "My husband may be a poor, weak creature, but I want you to understand that I am able to look out for myself."

Boese had just reached the bottom of the stairs leading to his office at No. 257 Greenwich street, when the attack was made. He is not a robust man, and this, with the suddenness of the onslaught, caused him to waver. For an instant he stood helpless, while blows rained upon him. Then he beat a hasty retreat. He did not try to reply to the remarks hurled after him. He simply went up the stairs three steps at a time, and took refuge in a little wire cage that surrounds his desk. Once inside, with the door securely fastened, he perched himself on his stool and peered out at the angry woman

who had followed him. In his hasty flight he had out-distanced his assailant, and by his quickness had escaped serious injury. There was one slight mark across his face.

When Mrs. Meniecke saw the wire cage she stopped and took a careful survey of the situation. She saw there was not the slightest chance for a continuation of the assault. All she could do was to glare, brandish her rawhide and talk.

"I gave it to him good," she said, with a hysterical laugh. "He is the cause of all my trouble. My husband got me to leave my other husband to marry him and this man Boese has tried ever since to separate us. He gets Meniecke down here and persuades him that I am in his way. That is the reason I cowhided him, and I am only sorry I didn't get a chance to give it to him harder than I did. Two good licks were all I could get, but he won't forget them."

FOUGHT FOR HIS LIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A desperate attempt at murder to avenge a fancied wrong was made recently on the farm of William Becker, at Becker's Woods, near Hilton, five miles west of Newark, N. J.

The victim is Philip Strousse, a farm hand. His assailant was a farm hand, who is known only as "Joe,"

and who blamed Strousse for his discharge. "Joe" concealed himself in the barn, armed with an axe and a sharp knife. He attempted to use it when the latter was coming out of the barn. Though caught by surprise, the latter acted quickly, and caught the axe-handle as the weapon descended, just in time to save himself. Each man gripped the axe-handle.

the one with the strength of a man bent upon murder, and the other with the desperation of a strong man fighting for his life. Backward and forward they went, first against the barn and then into the open, neither seeming to gain any advantage.

In the furious struggle the men slipped and fell and rolled over and over on the ground. Then both tried to get up, each trying to keep the other down. In this, however, neither was successful, for each regained his feet and both still held the axe-handle. "Joe" succeeded in striking Strousse with the axe, however, and also used his knife. He managed to escape.

GIRLS AS BANDITS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One of the roughest regions in West Virginia is on the ridge between Twelve Pole and Tom's Creek, in Wayne County, about twenty miles south of Huntington. The ridge road is travelled very little.

Recently a number of men passing over it at night on horseback have been held up.

When William Balangee was stopped and relieved of \$100 recently by two robbers he says he found that the bandits were women in disguise, and that they were Ella and Tina Gore, daughters of a respectable farmer.

STOLE A YACHT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Captain George Robinson missed his sloop yacht from her moorings at Centre Moriches, L. I., recently. He finally discovered it in the distance with four men on board. Chase was given and the constable succeeded in arresting the four men. They will be brought before the court and an effort will be made to connect them

with the attempt to rob David Robinson by brutally torturing him by turning his thumbs toward the wrists in a vain effort to make him disclose the spot where he kept his money.

SHE WAS AVENGED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

In full view of the matinee audience which filled the lobby of the Chicago Opera House the other afternoon, a jealous wife administered chastisement to two handsome and nicely dressed women and to their escort—presumably the late woman's husband.

Maddened by real or fancied wrong, the wife rained blows upon the pretty facial features of her husband's charges and then varied her attentions with sundry smashes on the nose of him whom she had promised to love, honor and obey.

The assault created tremendous excitement, which was by no means lessened when the madame seized her spouse by the collar and marched him shame-faced down the lobby.

The identity of the persons most interested in this remarkable scene could not be learned. They were evidently strangers in the city.

Just before the curtain was raised a fine equipage drove up and stopped in front of the theatre. The negro attendant at the curb turned the silver handle of the carriage door and out stepped a middle-aged man in faultless attire. He was followed by two elegantly gowned women.

One of them wore a sprig bonnet that was lavish evidence of millinery art. Diamonds glistened in her ears and there was a soft rustling of skirts as she daintily lifted her dress. She was handsome and she knew it. The other woman wore a stylish gown of light material and a hat that would attract attention in a convention of women.

The women passed in and waited in the lobby until their escort purchased seats. The transaction at the box office did not take more than half a minute.

The orchestra was thrumming out the overture when a coupe rattled up to the Opera House entrance and stopped. A man and woman got out. The woman appeared to be greatly excited. She was dressed in black and wore a heavy veil. There were no frills about this woman.

A man was with her, and he bought a ticket. She was nervous, and evidently very angry. Passing the doorkeeper, she went into the lobby and at once caught sight of the trio. They were chatting away and eating bon-bons when the little woman with the parasol interrupted their *tele-a-tele*. They had no intimation of the approach of the enemy. So interested were they in the bon-bons and each other's company that they did not notice the bobbing of heads and sudden rustling movement of most of the crowd of ticket purchasers upon whom the determined woman with the parasol had made an impression. She did not hesitate when she reached the trio.

Quick as a flash she brought her parasol down on the pretty bonnet and smashed it. Then she struck the pretty woman in the face with her clenched fist and followed this up by a blow at the other woman. The man tried to interfere and he got a straight blow in the face. Blood was trickling from a wound on the brunette woman's face, and tears were streaming down her cheeks. Her companion was also crying. The man held his head like a whipped cur. None of them had offered any resistance and were trying to sink out of sight of the hundreds of spectators.

Suddenly the woman abandoned her parasol attack and, catching the man by the collar, she marched him out of the lobby while the crowd jeered and howled. After they were safely outside, the other two women, each holding a handkerchief to conceal her face, went to the ladies retiring room and did not leave the theatre until everybody else had gone. Quite a crowd followed the man and woman out to the street. There he seemed to recover his self-possession and the woman released her hold.

They walked along, he continually attempting to hurry her as he pleaded with her to keep quiet by saying that it would ruin them both if their identity became known. "I have nothing to conceal," replied the woman, loud enough for passers-by to hear. "I don't care if the whole town is a witness. Oh, if I only had that woman!"

But they had reached a cab close by the entrance. The man, asserting himself vigorously, half pushed the woman in. "Drive south fast," was all he said to the cabman. And south the vehicle went.

THOMAS C. ANDERSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On our sporting page we publish a splendid likeness of Thomas C. Anderson, who, in conjunction with his partner, Dave Heller, keeps one of the best sporting resorts in New Orleans. He is also a member of the Auditorium Club.

JAMES HEALY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

James Healy is the amateur champion sparrer of Wyoming. He appeared at one of Corbett's exhibitions and is anxious to spar any amateur in the country. His picture appears on the sporting page.

STEWART H. BELL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A picture of Stewart H. Bell appears on our sporting page. He is the champion cake-walker of Jacksonville, Fla., and is also the head waiter at the St. James Hotel.

GUS CAMPBELL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Gus Campbell is a young musical artist of much promise. His features are portrayed on another page.

Was she "Mistress or Wife?" by Paul de Kock, No. 13 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. An exquisite story, in the best vein of the famous French writer, with 72 unique illustrations. Price 50 cents, by mail or from any newsdealer. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

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A SUCCESSFUL BENEFIT.

Organized by the "Police Gazette"
for Harry Hill.

THE VETERAN IS PLEASED.

An Interesting Sketch of the Career of a
Square Sporting Man.

SOME NOTED MEN THAT HE KNEW.

Harry Hill, "the squarest man" that ever ran a sporting resort, has been in destitute circumstances in Maspeth, L. I., for some time.

Ten years ago Harry Hill's place at the corner of Houston and Crosby streets was known by reputation all over the United States. The genial, hearty proprietor was reputed to be a millionaire, and his note was good for almost any amount in any bank in New York city.

There are thousands of men in New York to-day who remember the old house of entertainment with feelings akin to affection, and there are hundreds of them who now occupy high places in business and politics who could tell great stories of the nights when they used to open wine with the thick-set, smooth-shaven Englishman, while the common run of men and women drank beer at the little tables and looked at them with envy. Nobody in those days dreamed that the time would ever come when Harry would ask for a few dollars from the men who made much of him.

It was a business to which he had devoted over thirty years of his life. He used to love to tell of his coming to this country on a sailing vessel in 1850, and landing at the port of Flushing, L. I. In England he had been a truckman and a frequenter of the race track at Epsom, in which town he was born. It was at that track that George M. Woolsey, of the old sugar manufacturing firm of Howland, Aspluwall & Woolsey, became acquainted with Hill, and engaged him to come to this country and take charge of his stable in Astoria. Then Hill ran a livery stable for a while close to the old Bull's Head Hotel in Third avenue, sold horses to the Third avenue street railroad, just starting, and drove the first car himself from the City Hall to Harlem over that route. It was there that he became acquainted with Moses Bierbach, with whom he afterward transacted a good deal of business.

In 1854 Hill bought out a grocery at the corner of Houston and Crosby streets and got a grocer's license to sell liquors. That was the beginning of his sporting resort. He was a little giant in those days, handy with his fists, and particularly good at wrestling, and the sporting element of the neighborhood came to make the corner grocery a kind of headquarters. Hill was always master of his own shop, and administered an impartial justice. He never called on the police for any assistance.

Hill's physical powers gave him more than a local fame, and John Morrissey got acquainted with him and liked him so well that he backed him to the extent of \$2,500 a side for a wrestling match with Lieut. Alinsworth of New Britain, Conn. Alinsworth was at that time famous, and called himself champion of the United States. The match came off in Mozart Hall, April 14, 1863, and Harry Hill was victor. After that Morrissey was his firm friend.

At this time the grocery had failed to exist, Hill had got hold of adjoining stores and had extended his place over them. He continued to do this as fast as the leases ran out. He erected a stage in the main saloon and gave concerts and boxing bouts on it every night. He had a lot of quaint prints adorning the walls, and among these pictures of sporting champions and women appeared placards bearing such mottoes as these:

Members of this club must not indulge in foul or obscene language.
Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake.
Lovers not appreciated here, therefore not wanted.

No chance to secure a novel attraction was ever lost by Harry Hill. One day he was going down to the ferry on his way home and he saw a clown ringing a bell. The clown was dressed in the usual cap and variegated pantaloons, the only novel thing about him being a watch which Hill says weighed seven pounds. He was shouting to the crowd to stop and see the largest hog in the world.

"I thought it was some dodge," says Hill in telling the story, "but I went in just for fun, and upon my soul I saw there the biggest pig I ever saw before or after. Yes, sir, he was so high when he stood up that I had to stand on tiptoe and raise my shoulder like this to throw my arm over his back. He measured 18 feet along his back."

"Are you sure of that, Mr. Hill?"

"Yes, sir. Eighteen feet, easy. Why, if you straightened out his curly tail, and measured from the tip of his snout to the tip of his tail, he was nineteen feet long."

"Lord! I says to the showman, 'what is this—a horse?'"

"No," says the showman, "that's a Pennsylvania hog."

"What'll you take for him?" says I.

"One hundred and fifty dollars," says he.

"Does that include the watch and the bell?" says I.

"Well, I bought that hog, and the time we had getting him into my place was worth a thousand dollars to see. In those days I used to keep the English papers on my tables for the entertainment of my patrons. There was one still old Scotchman who used to come in to read the papers. He was one of these dignified fellows, and you could never surprise him or make him smile. We called him the Professor. He was sitting at one of the tables reading when the boys got there after midnight with that hog. We shouted to everybody to look out, but the Scotchman only drew his chair a tuck nearer the table, and kept on reading, without looking around. The boys had stopped at every saloon on the way for drinks, and they were feeling pretty good. Somehow

the hog got away from them after they started him into the door, and he made a blind rush to escape. Well, sir, his snout went under the back of the professor's chair, and he just lifted chair, professor, table, papers, and all like the cowcatcher of a locomotive, and pitched them all over the place. Then the hog ran into the barroom. He was so big he could not turn around, and I thought he would wreck the place before we could back him out.

"We kept him for months. That hog was responsible for more drunkenness in the city of New York during that time than all other agencies put together. It was before the time of breweries, and I had a lot of fine English ale on tap that was just as strong as brandy. Two men would come in together with a piece of string and measure the hog. Then they would go down Broadway, each holding one end of the string, and would tell everyone they knew that they had seen a hog as long as the string. Then there would be bets of the drinks that they had not. One or two glasses of that old ale would make a man tipsy, and every man who got stuck for the drinks would join the party on its next trip down Broadway after a new victim."

It was Harry Hill's boast that nobody was ever robbed in his place. He was scrupulously honest and used often to relieve a drunken man of his roll and return it to him when the drunkard got sober. Thousands of dollars at a time used to be intrusted to him for safe-keeping, and he always returned it. It is said that on one occasion a drunken man gave him \$84,000 to take care of and got it back intact when his spree was over. There were many rough and tumble fights in Hill's place, however, and several times rowdies entered the resort with the intention of "doing" the proprietor. He overcame these desperadoes without the aid of the police, Billy Edwards once giving him valuable assistance.

Hill had been married before coming to this country, and he had three sons. It used to be said of him with approval by the women who frequented his place that none of his family was ever allowed to enter the resort. Hill's wife, however, left him years ago and is now living with one of her sons in Flushing. Until Hill's famous quarrel with the police his career was a regular and brilliant progress. He was reputed to be worth \$1,000,000, and he himself claims that he was worth \$500,000. He was a favorite stakeholder for betting men as well as for the contestants in trials of skill and strength. He was

Hill parted with them he got back only a fraction of what he had spent on them. While he had them they got into collisions and involved him in endless lawsuits.

"When Hill purchased his estate at Flushing he left a mortgage on it, which was held by the trustees of Hempstead township. He also owed thousands of dollars to Mr. Cheesebrough, the inventor of vaseline. He took a pride in the fact that his name was good in any bank, and endorsed notes for friends utterly regardless of business principles.

"Then came his quarrel with the police. The receipts of his house fell from six or seven thousand dollars a day to almost nothing. He made desperate efforts to retrieve his fortunes, but each effort left him in worse straits than before. He sunk \$30,000 in an effort to start what he called the Curio, now Clark's, on Broadway, near Houston street. His notes began to fall due, and he was compelled to raise funds to meet them by further mortgages on his Flushing property. The authorities refused to grant him a license, and P. T. Barnum turned him out. Hertzberg, Moses Bierbach and Browning, the builder, were some of those who held his notes, and they pressed for payment.

"The first news that Harry Hill was on the brink of failure was a libel filed against him for a bill for coal used on his steamers. He owed thousands for coal alone. Hertzberg was the first holder of his notes to sue him and Hill raised enough to pay Hertzberg, who lost it all in establishing Paul Bauer's saloon. At this time Hill's Flushing Hotel burned. The Hempstead trustees next called in \$40,000 in mortgages. Hill's

and business was sold out. Then a mortgage on another large residence he owned near his Flushing house was foreclosed and he lost that. Mr. Cheesebrough used him with the utmost kindness, but he was forced to foreclose his mortgages and that meant the sacri-



AT HARRY HILL'S RESORT.

one of those who backed Billy Edwards in his fight with Sam Collier and he was stakeholder in 1870, when Jim Mace and Joe Coburn signed for a fight for \$5,000. He held \$25,000 of stakes deposited with him by bettors when Sullivan whipped Ryan at Mississippi City. He owned a farm at Flushing, where he raised fast horses and fancy cattle and pigs. He had a road house there and two beautiful country houses. The story of his speedy loss of everything is thus told by his lawyer, Reginald S. Durrant, of Howe & Hummel's office:

"Harry Hill was certainly worth as much as \$400,000 at one time. He bought 450 acres of land in Flushing, extending from the town of Flushing almost to Bowers Bay. The property contained the most valuable deposits of building sand in the world. The trouble was that Hill was an illiterate man and knew almost nothing of business methods. On his property he built a very fine country house and also a hotel known as the Flushing Hotel. Working the sand deposits, which he sold to almost anybody on credit without adequate security, necessitated buying tugs and building a small railroad. From owning tugs, Hill branched out as a steamboat proprietor. His ambition was to build up the town of Flushing by establishing a steam ferry line for passengers between his landing in that place and the foot of Fulton street in this city. In this venture he sunk thousands of dollars. The ferry is now owned by Boyer & Co., and is used only as a freight route.

"Seeing that the ferry business was not going to succeed, Harry Hill rented his boats for excursions. One of them, the Harry Hill, is now plying on the Indian river in Florida, and is the most palatial vessel in those waters. These vessels cost many thousands, and when

free of all of Hill's remaining property, valued at \$200,000.

"Hill then opened a hotel in Harlem at the Harlem River bridge for his son. But the police were suspicious of him, and he could not make it succeed. Tony Miller held a chattel mortgage on the fixtures and he had to foreclose. This left Hill practically penniless. That was four years ago. Since then he has struggled to maintain one place after another. His first venture was in Brooklyn, but the opposition he had encountered in New York was continued by the authorities over there. I myself advanced him money, but he could not get a fresh start. He kept retreating further from the police until now he is located in a little saloon away out at Maspeth, L. I.

"Hill's mistake was in foolishly, madly going into lines of business he did not understand. He was never a disolute man, and his own generosity and his trust in other men were what caused his downfall. He is a member of Lafayette Lodge, 64, of Masons."

A reporter crossed the Williamsburgh Ferry and took a Newtown car for Harry Hill's saloon in Maspeth. It was a long, cold ride. After getting out at the car stables, there remained a walk of five minutes before a neat unpretentious corner saloon was seen with the sign "Harry Hill" over the entrance. Within, there were the same old familiar engravings that used to adorn the walls of the Houston street resort, but otherwise the saloon resembled any other in that neighborhood. Hill lay in a reclining chair in the back room. A little girl, the daughter of a former servant, who died, leaving her alone in the world, as his companion, and a bright young man, whom the little girl calls "Billy Barkeeper," serves the drinks. There was a gray cat with a stub tail and a handsome Newfoundland dog. The old man arose and expressed the greatest pleasure at seeing some one from the city again.

"We see very few people out here," he explained. "Why, before the Corbett-Mitchell prize fight I put up

posters announcing that the result of the rounds would be bulletined in front of this place. How many people do you think came to see it? Not one, and I had gone to the expense of a special wire."

Mr. Hill was far more interested in describing his former successes than his recent failures. He merely said he had been too proud up to this time to let his poverty be generally known. He had absolutely no capital and he was forced to take any opportunity that offered to make a scanty living.

"If I only had a couple of thousand dollars," he said, "I could start a good, respectable road house somewhere outside New York and Brooklyn. I have friends enough who drive out occasionally, to support such a place. If you intend to write anything about me I wish you would mention the fact that when I ran the old place on Houston street I gave the use of my stage every Thursday for some charity or other. Every Thursday we had a benefit performance, and I furnished the house and a good many of the performers, too, and every dollar taken in went to swell the amount given to the beneficiary."

Harry Hill looks sad when asked for a list of the places in which he has tried to make a living since the Harlem venture was sold out. He first went over to a place on Ewen street, Greenpoint; then to the Plank road in Jamaica. Failing there, he applied for a license to the authorities of Hollis, L. I., but some of the newspapers opposed that, and the license was revoked. He successively failed in Ozone Park and in East New York. His little place in Maspeth costs him \$20 a month rent. During the whole two hours the reporter was there only one customer entered the door. Mr. Hill lives in the saloon and does his own cooking in the rear room. He sleeps in a little room up stairs. It is told of him in this city that one of the coldest days last winter he was met walking through the streets and shivering.

"Where's your overcoat?" one asked.

"Had to hock it," replied the old sport.

Persistent inquiry drew out the fact that "Baby," as he calls the little orphan who shares his misfortunes, needed clothes to wear to school, and old Harry had pawned his overcoat to buy her a cloak.

Mr. Hill's three sons are all living, but they are none of them in a position to support their father. Edward is a pilot, employed by Boyer & Co., who succeeded his father as owners of the ferry. Richard keeps a small hotel in Flushing, but has absolutely no means. William is a janitor in a house in this city.

Mr. Hill says he is 60 years old. His lawyer says he has sons who are over 50, and that his true age is about 74. It is only a part of Harry Hill's pride to resist the flight of years. His face is more wrinkled than formerly, but his eye is not dimmed nor his natural force abated. They tell stories in Maspeth of his having exerted an amazing amount of strength on one or two recent occasions when it became necessary to eject quarrelsome customers from his little saloon out there. Harry Hill is still boss of his own shop.

With characteristic generosity, the POLICE GAZETTE organized a fund for the veteran sportsman, Mr. Richard K. Fox heading the subscription with \$100. Others who subscribed were:

Henry Clay Miner, \$100. A Brooklyn Friend, \$75. A. H. Hummel, \$50. Gus Hill, \$50. Tony Pastor, \$25. F. E. Cabus, \$25. Mr. Conover, \$25. Peter De Lacey, \$20. Reginald Durant, \$10. T. Gerrity, \$10. G. E. Harding, \$10. John W. Mackay, \$10. Lafayette Masonic Lodge, \$10. Anthony Miller, \$5. Billy Madden, \$5. Alderman Patrick F. Ferrigan, \$5. A Friend, \$5. James Gallagher, \$5. Thomas Sherlock, \$3. William C. Mangin, \$2. Thomas Pearson, Excise Dept., \$2. D. C. Cannon, Gravesend, L. I., \$1. Chas. S. Morris, \$1. Martin Julian, \$1. Daniel S. Goldner, \$1. John Newell, of Newell's Hotel, Pittsburg, Pa., \$10.00. Billy Edwards and friends, \$20.00.

A benefit was also arranged for him by Mr. Fox and it took place at Henry C. Miner's People's Theatre on April 29th. A splendid variety bill was presented and quite a large sum was realized. Among the professionals who appeared were Theo. Kitty Coleman, Blanche Siegrist, Estelle Wellington, Grace Sherwood, Annie Hart, Fred Roberts, Charles B. Nelson, Mamie Milledge, George H. Wood, "Tiddewinks," W. S. Ponton, Gus Hill, the Washburne Sisters, Harris and Walters, Littlefield, the mimic, James Thornton, who sang a song he had composed especially for the occasion, entitled: "Fistic Heroes, Past and Present," Bonnie Thornton, Maggie Cline, Webster and Fields, J. W. Kelly, Lottie Gilson and Frank Bush. Harry Hill himself took part in the entertainment, giving an exhibition of Indian club swinging, for which he once held the championship. He says he was the first to give exhibitions of this art, and that he never refused to perform with the clubs free of charge for any worthy benefit. If the variety actresses who first performed on Harry Hill's little stage in the Houston street resort, and the pugilists and singers and tumblers who got their start in life in the same place could have been gathered together for the benefit it would have been a spectacle worth going thousands of miles to see. Through the efforts of the POLICE GAZETTE he will be quite comfortable for some time to come.

A CHARMING TRIO.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

Geraldine Ulmar, Mlle. Bianca and Kitty Coleman are the beauties on our theatrical page. Miss Ulmar is an American girl who is a prominent comic opera prima donna in England; Mlle. Bianca is a well-known French burlesquer; Kitty Coleman is a clever soubrette, now appearing in Dan McCarthy's Irish plays.

JAMES W. JOHNSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we publish a portrait of James W. Johnson, the champion middle-weight of Indiana. He has won thirty-eight battles and fought three draws. Johnson is eager to meet Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, in a 10-round contest.

DAVE HELLER.

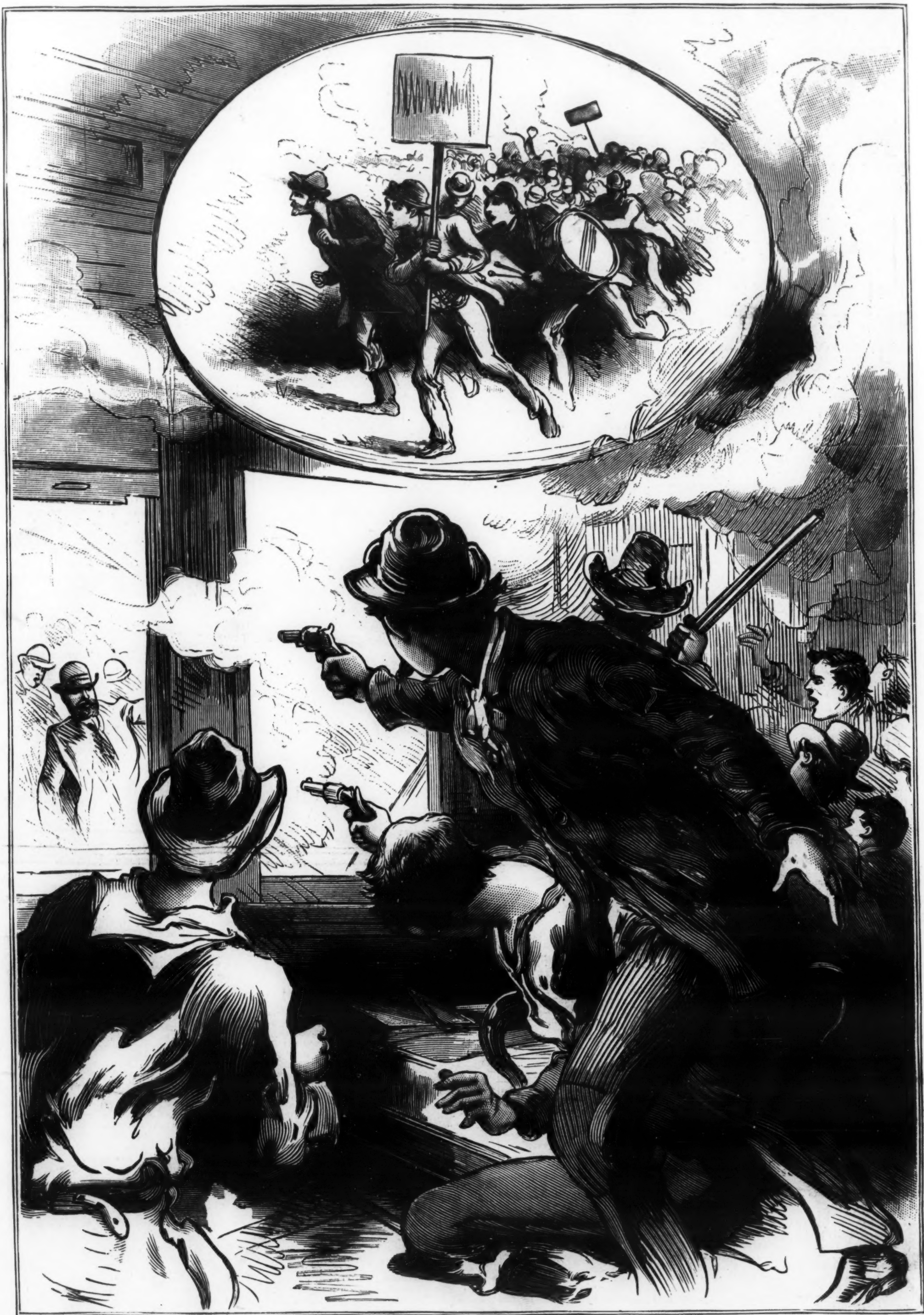
[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A good picture of Dave Heller appears on our sporting page. He is one of the best known men in New Orleans, and is especially popular with the sporting fraternity.

Realistic! "A Pursuit of Pleasure," No. 18, FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. A vivid and graphic picture of Bohemian life in Paris, illustrated with 93 rare and beautiful drawings. Price 50 cents, sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

NEXT WEEK! By sending \$1.00 for 13 weeks' subscription you are certain to get the Magnificent twelve-color Supplement, showing Corbett and Jackson in Fighting attitudes and costume, that will be presented with every copy of POLICE GAZETTE No. 872, Published Thursday, May 10.

RICHARD K. FOX PUBLISHER.



BATTLE WITH COXEY'S FOLLOWERS.

A LIVELY EXCHANGE OF SHOTS BETWEEN THE INDUSTRIALS AND A POSSE OF UNITED STATES DEPUTY-MARSHALS, AT BILLINGS, MONTANA.



TRIED TO SAVE HER CHILDREN.

A FRENZIED MOTHER BRAVELY WIELDS AN AXE ON HER BURNING HOME, SOUTH SCRANTON, PA.



GIRLS AS BANDITS.

TWO OF THEM, IN MEN'S CLOTHES, HOLD UP AND RELIEVE WEST VIRGINIANS OF THEIR WEALTH.

IN THE PUGILISTIC WORLD.

Boxing Contests Are No Longer Illegal in Louisiana.

SO THE COURT HAS DECIDED

The Olympic Club Offers \$25,000 for the Corbett-Jackson Fight.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE FIGHTERS.

The Supreme Court of Louisiana gave on April 23 a decision in favor of boxing at the Olympic Club. The bench stood 3 to 1, one or the justices not participating. Here is the syllabus:

"A criminal statute denouncing what is commonly called prize fighting to be a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, coupled with a promise that the provisions of the act shall not apply to exhibitions and glove contests between human beings, which may take place within the rooms of regularly chartered athletic clubs, presents a question of fact to be determined by the court or jury as to whether any given contest or series of contests come under the designation of the statute as a prize fight or within the scope and meaning of the proviso as a glove contest. As the State of Louisiana is in court seeking the forfeiture of the defendant's charter on the ground that the corporation has committed acts *ultra vires* of its charter, and is met with the provisions of an act of its own legislation, which in terms authorizes just such contests as the witnesses describe the club contests to have been, this court will be excused for declining to disturb a finding of a jury in favor of a defendant on a question of fact. Conceding such contests to be violation of good words and of sound public policy, the remedy comes plainly within the prerogative of the legislative department of the government, which alone can be looked to for relief."

William A. Scholl, president of the Olympic Club, immediately wired to Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, on April 23, as follows:

"Cable Corbett and offer him \$25,000 to meet Jackson before the Olympic Club. I authorize you to make the match. We are satisfied with you as stakeholder. We would like the match to take place in July, but we are satisfied to let Corbett fix the date. Wire Jackson and see if you can get his consent to contest here."

Mr. Fox immediately cabled to George W. Atkinson, the London representative of the POLICE GAZETTE, and telegraphed Charles E. Davies, the manager of Peter Jackson. The following was received from Mr. Atkinson on April 24:

"I saw Corbett at the Victoria Hotel. He was very much obliged to Mr. Fox for the cable. He says it is impossible for him to wire acceptance of the Olympic Club purse. As the articles state that the match must take place North of Mason and Dixon's line, Jackson's consent must be obtained before decision could be arrived at to box in New Orleans. In any case, present articles must become null and void and stakes withdrawn. He finds it impossible for match to take place at New Orleans in July owing to the hot weather, and also to the fact that his engagements in England and on the continent will not permit of his boxing with Jackson before October. Corbett does not draw the color line. He will fight Jackson, having given his word to do so. Any fair place will suit him. He has no objection to New Orleans, having every confidence in club and Mr. Fox as purse holder. The contest, however, must be for the best purse. If the Olympic Club makes the best offer and Jackson is willing, Corbett will fight there any reasonable time after European tour. He will require three months to train. Corbett is delighted. His success at Drury Lane Theatre is far beyond his expectations, and he has sent for his wife to come over."

From Jackson's manager, the following telegram was received on April 26:

"Jackson will not fight south of Mason and Dixon's line. Corbett is aware of that, as it is stipulated in the present articles. Thanks for offer."

A letter from William A. Scholl, the president of the Olympic Club, of New Orleans, was received a few days ago at the POLICE GAZETTE office confirming his telegram. He also added:

"I wish you would write Gorman and offer him the same purse he received when he fought Levy, to meet Harry, of Chicago. If he will not agree to the match, make the offer to Levy to take his place. Also match Fitzsimmons to meet Choyinski for \$5,000 purse, \$250 allowance for expenses."

From the above, it is easy to foresee that there is likely to be a great revival of boxing contests at New Orleans, and it is to be hoped that the above matches will be successfully arranged. Dixon received good treatment at the hands of the Southern public when he fought there, and Jackson need have no fear that he will not receive a fair show south of Mason and Dixon's line.

George Siddons, who was defeated by Eddie Loeber, is trying to get a fifth match with Loeber.

Morace Leeds and Stanton Abbott, of England, will meet in a six-round go in New York next month.

Johnny Van Heest is matched to fight Jack Keefe in Kansas City May 12, for \$500 a side and a \$500 purse.

Martin Flaherty, the Lowell featherweight, is to box Tommy Connolly eight rounds in Buffalo next month.

Charlie Johnson, the St. Paul welterweight, and Austin Gibbons are to fight at Norfolk for \$1,000 a side and a \$1,000 purse.

Jim Daly, the Buffalo heavyweight, has accepted an offer to box the "Harlem Coffee Cooler" a limited number of rounds May 5.

Jim Boyle, the lightweight champion of Scotland, was matched to meet Arthur Valentine, but later refused to go on with the match.

Tim Murphy called at the "Police Gazette" office on April 24, and stated he was willing to fight any man in America at 112 or 114 pounds.

A. Stemmer, ex-champion welterweight pugilist of Canada, has challenged Arthur Schram, the present champion, to a 10-round contest.

The battle to a finish between Batty Weldon of this city and Young Cooke of Brooklyn, which was to have been decided this week has been postponed.

Danny Needham is out with a statement that he is willing to fight any man in the country at 145 to 150 pounds, and gives the preference to Dick O'Brien of Lewiston, Me.

Tom Denny, of Australia, and Charley Ingram, have been engaged by the National Sporting Club to fight for a \$300 purse. Denny is a brother to Martin Denny.

Mrs. Elizabeth Goss, the widow of Joe Goss, the well-known pugilist who died several years ago, committed suicide in Boston, Mass., on April 19, by inhaling gas.

Recently Jack Murphy, of Salt Lake City, and "Kid" Henry, of Chicago, fought to a finish near Oregon, Ill. Henry knocked out his opponent in the eighth round.

Tom O'Rourke, backer of George Dixon, the featherweight champion pugilist, has posted \$1,000 in Boston to match Dixon against the Kentucky Roadhouse for \$2,500 a side.

At Perth Amboy, N. J., recently Lew Dennis and Charley Milford fought according to "Police Gazette" rules. Dennis ended the battle in the third round by making Milford quit.

J. B. Allen of Pittsburgh wires the "Police Gazette" that he will match Jas. Simpson to fight any 135-pound man in the country for \$250 to \$1,000 a side and gate receipts, winner take all.

Barney Smith, the well-known lightweight, was presented with a splendid specimen of physical beauty recently. He weighed 10 pounds, and congratulations are pouring in upon the delighted parents.

The glove fight between Andy Bowen and Stanton Abbott will take place in the big arena in which Jim Hall and Bob Fitzsimmons fought, which now belongs to the new Auditorium Athletic Club, of New Orleans.

The Chicago "Herald" says: "Mike Boden says that if Fitzsimmons does not accept Jim Hall's challenge he (Boden) will agree to stop Hall in 10 rounds, London rules, or join Cooney's army." Cooney will then certainly have another recruit.

Harry Hawes and Louis Bezenah, have been matched to fight for \$500 a side and a purse at 119 pounds. Hawes is colored and Bezenah is a brother to the lightweight of that name, that was killed while boxing in Wm. Muldoon's company.

J. D. Hopkins has given up the management of Tom Tracy. A few days before the latter fought Walcott Col. Hopkins sent word to Jim Wright, who managed the Music Hall show, to let Tracy paddle his own canoe if he lost to Walcott.

There is great rejoicing in the Olympic Athletic Club of New Orleans. The Supreme Court of Louisiana affirmed the decision of the lower court, which makes boxing contests for purses, under the auspices of regularly incorporated clubs, legal.

Jim Barren, of Australia, and Dutch Neal, who claims the welterweight championship of the West, fought in the Pastime Athletic Association arena at Memphis, Tenn., recently, for a purse of \$1,000, to a finish. The fight lasted two rounds, Neal being knocked out.

Charley Kelly, the local bantam, is doing his utmost to induce Sammy Kelly to fight him. Kelly says his namesake cannot very well refuse to grant him a match, for he has a reputation equal to his, and what's more, he can get backing, which always counts in the end.

Mike Daly, the lightweight pugilist, was going with a party of young men around Bauger, Me., on April 24. Daniel Sullivan, who was drunk and ugly, attacked Daly with a club, not giving a word of warning, and knocked him senseless. Daly recovered a short time later.

Frank Stevenson called at the "Police Gazette" office April 27, and stated he would like to arrange a 10-round glove contest with Peter Maher and George Godfrey, to take place in Boston. If Maher is willing and sends his address to the POLICE GAZETTE a match will be arranged.

Griffo is a very heavy featherweight, and looks when stripped more of a lightweight. He is evidently averse to training, for he has persistently endeavored to get on all his matches at catchweights, and it is under these conditions that he recently fought Ike Weir and Johnny Griffen.

George Boyce, of Richmond, Ind., the lightweight champion of that State, and Charles Slusher, of Louisville, lightweight champion of Kentucky, have been matched to fight in May for a purse of \$1,000, at 133 pounds. Slusher is the man who whipped Vokes in Kentucky recently.

Willie Smith, the champion 114-pound pugilist of England, who is considered a dangerous rival of Pilmer's, is matched to fight Jack Ryan of Lancashire for the championship and \$1,000 in London, May 21. The winner will come to this country and challenge Dixon and Pilmer.

Joe Walcott, the colored lightweight champion of America, who recently settled the pugilistic aspirations of the Australian champion, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on April 24. He stated that he was prepared to fight any 133-pound man in America or England, and Tom O'Rourke will back him for any amount.

A prize fight took place at Pembina, Mo., on April 22 between Billy Moss, of Holmes Camp, and La Chappelle, of Menominee, Mich. La Chappelle claimed a foul in the eleventh round and was awarded the fight. Moss had his jaw broken in two places in the second round, but made a game fight after that notwithstanding.

In Boston sports are still discussing the Walcott-Tracy bout, and there is a great difference in their opinions as to the boxing abilities of Tracy. They all, however, agree that he is not a fair boxer, for he tried three or more times to hit Walcott below the belt. Another time he put his thumb in Walcott's eye and also wrung his nose several times.

The fight between Roberts and Bolton in the National Sporting Club, London, Eng., recently, was a spirited affair. In the fifth round Roberts nailed Bolton on the jaw with the right and topped him over. Bolton tried in vain to get up in the 10 seconds' grace allowed, and, to the surprise of all present, Roberts thus easily gained the victory.

Billy Madden intends to assume the management of Steve O'Donnell, the Irish champion, and arrange several important matches for the clever Australian boxer. O'Donnell is one of the cleverest big men now on this side of the Atlantic, and if he allows Madden to hustle for him the Australian heavyweight champion will have plenty of work.

George La Blanche, the pugilist familiarly known as "The Marine," was arraigned in Court in Chicago recently charged with assault and battery, carrying concealed weapons and disorderly conduct. He was arrested on a warrant which was sworn out by his wife, who alleges that the Marine exercised his pugilistic propensities with her as the victim.

Eddie Loeber, the featherweight, has challenged George Dixon, the world's featherweight champion, to fight him. Johnny Murphy also challenged Dixon recently, and Tom O'Rourke, the backer of Dixon, sent word to both pugilists who challenged Dixon that if they will post some money and agree to fight for a good stake Dixon will meet both of them.

Matthew C. Lyons, Jr., Wallace B. Putnam, Thomas Parker, Jr., and Albert A. Munson, the Yale students who are charged with aiding and abetting prize fighting, did not appear in court at New Haven, Conn., when their case was called. Their bonds of \$200 each were called by Judge Cable and forfeited. This will probably be the last of their prosecution.

Tim Hogan, with Marty Delaney, called at the "Police Gazette" office April 27, and left a challenge to match Delaney to box Martin McCue at catch weights according to Queensberry or "Police Gazette" rules for \$100 a side and a purse. The fight to take place six weeks from signing articles. Hogan agrees to meet McCue and his backers any day they name to sign articles.

George Dixon and Joe Walcott arrived in New York on April 23, and were entertained at dinner by the Nait brothers in honor of Walcott's victory over Tom Tracy. Dixon speaks in the highest terms of Walcott's fighting ability, and predicts that he will defeat any man in the world at 133 pounds. Dixon is anxious to get on with Pilmer or the "Roadhouse," but is satisfied neither of them is anxious to have another go.

The long pending prize fight between Joe Thompson and Tom Pashley for £100 was decided recently at Hull, Eng. Only one round was fought, and the fighting was desperate. In the opening of the round Pashley let go the right, and catching Thompson a terrific crash on the jaw, stretched him in the centre of the ring, where he remained senseless long after the stipulated 10 seconds, and Pashley was declared the winner, the contest having lasted one minute and a half.

Jack Slavin, the well known sporting man of Providence, R. I., the backer of Stanton Abbott, sent the following to the POLICE GAZETTE:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 28.

RICHARD K. FOX—Stanton Abbott, the English champion lightweight, was made a citizen in this city to-day. Abbott will leave on the Cromwell line for New Orleans to-morrow to fight Andy Bowen. Tommy Danforth will accompany Abbott.

Slavin also offers to match Jack Roach, of Providence, to fight any man in America at 100 pounds, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$250 or \$500 a side.

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SPORTING NEWS AND NOTES.

FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, No. 18.

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NEXT WEEK—FREE—The Great Colored Supplement, Representing Corbett and Jackson in Fighting Attitudes, Presented to every Purchaser. Out Thursday, May 10th.

The following special cables were received at the "Police Gazette" office during the week:

LONDON, April 23, 1894.

The single scull race between George Bubbar and William A. Barry for £100 a side was rowed over the Thames championship course to-day. Bubbar won and showed his old form, rowing the course, 4 miles 3 furlongs, in 21 minutes and 48 seconds, which is faster than Hanlan or any other oarsman ever rowed over the Thames championship course.

LONDON, April 24, 1894.

RICHARD K. FOX—The prize fight for £200 and the championship of Wales between Jack O'Brien and Dave St. John was fought in the National Sporting Club last night. The fight was short and desperate. O'Brien broke the radius of his left arm in the first round and in the second he knocked St. John out with a tremendous right hand cross counter on the jaw.

LONDON, April 28, 1894.

RICHARD K. FOX—Charley Mitchell and George W. Moore have decided to go on the turf. Yesterday they purchased a racing stable also the following steeplechasers, Red Rose, Lucky Admiral and College Boy. For the three latter horses they paid £2,200.

James J. Corbett has promised Jim Mac to appear with him in a public exhibition both in England and Dublin. Bill Smith and Jack Ryan have been matched to fight at 8 stone 5 pounds, for £200 and a purse.

W. O'B. Macdonough has sold Monowal to J. Neal for \$1,200.

At Salem, Mass., on April 22, the Columbia bowling team of Boston were beaten by Salem by a score of 2530 to 2227.

At Boston, Mass., April 22, the Providence polo team was defeated by Salem in the latter's rink by a score of 3 goals to 2.

J. J. Ryan, champion amateur oarsman of this country, sailed from Toronto for England last week, where he will endeavor to win the diamond sculls.

L. A. Finegan and F. Hutton ran a match race of fifty yards for \$500 at Chicago on April 23. Finegan won a fair race by two yards. H. B. Cornish, athletic manager of the Chicago Athletic Association, was referee.

On April 23, a match was arranged between Joe Glancy, of Poughkeepsie, d.o. Bounce, and Teddy, owned by a well-known sporting man, of Croton Falls, N. Y. The dogs are to fight according to "Police Gazette" rules for \$500 a side.

Johnny Newell, the well-known sporting man, who years ago was a famous boxer, and one of the fastest runners in America, now keeps Newell's Hotel, Pittsburg. There is no sporting man in the Smoky City better known than Newell.

Evan Lewis, the stranger, who was defeated by Charley Wittmar, of Cincinnati, in a Graco-Roman wrestling match at Cincinnati, writes that he is prepared to meet Wittmar again in a mixed match—Graco-Roman and catch-as-catch-can.

J. J. Ryan, the amateur champion of Canada, who has gone to England to row in the Royal Henley Regatta, will find the Thames is not the Toronto Bay, and he will have to row in great form to beat the crack oarsmen of England at the oar.

The single scull race on the Thames between Tom Green and Ed Gibson for £50 was one of the most interesting races ever seen over the Thames championship course. Green won in 27 minutes 48 seconds. Mo. Gibson's time was 28 minutes 34 seconds. This would be equal to a gap of nearly 200 yards.

Laureate, the winner of the Gaston Hotel stakes at Memphis, is a son of Baldwin's once famous performer Volante, out of Imp. Laurel, by Laureate, he being thus named for his grandsire on the dam side. He was bred by his owner, the wealthy tobacco manufacturer of Louisville, Nick Finjer, who races his horses under the name of the Pastime stable.

John S. Johnson has accepted the challenge of Arthur A. Zimmerman, and agrees to race the champion for \$1,000 a side, the race to be from 1 to 10 miles, and to take place as soon as Zimmerman returns from his European tour. The track on which the race is to be run is to be mutually agreed upon. The only concession that Johnson asks is that the stakeholder be allowed to name the referee of the contest. It is a wonder Johnson did not accept Zimmerman's challenge before he left this country for England.

England has another aspirant for aquatic championship honors in Thomas Green, the well known oarsman, who has already gained fame with the oar. Last year he won the Doggett's Coat and Badge at the National Thames regatta and many supposed he was too young to stay over the Thames championship course. His recent race with Emmett stamps him as a very enduring, speedy sculler and he is bound to loom up. He weighs 144 pounds, stands 5 feet 4 inches in height and is only twenty years of age.

The following challenge was received at the "Police Gazette" office:

OSWEGO, N. Y., April 27, 1894.

RICHARD K. FOX—Sir: While Captain Duncan C. Ross was in Oswego on the 16th inst., he was advertised to wrestle me, which he failed to do, and stated I was afraid of him. Now, the fact is, I am afraid of no man, and wrestled every wrestler of note who visited this city and have not been defeated yet, and I stand ready to wrestle Ross for \$200 a side in two weeks from date, and if Ross is the wrestler the American press claim he is, he can't ignore this offer.

ALV MORAN, JR., 36 West Vanuren St., Oswego, N. Y.

Alderman Alf. Moran, Jr., is well known as "the strongest man in New York State." He is 28 years of age, stands 5 feet 10 inches and weighs 247 pounds; chest 50½ inches, biceps 18, thigh, 27¾, and as a wrestler has never been defeated.

The Olympic Athletic Club, of New Orleans, is eager to bring off a big wrestling match between Tom Connor, champion of England, and Charles Wittmar, of Cincinnati, or the latter and Dan McLeod, of San Francisco, Cal. The following was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office from President Scholl, of the Olympic Club:

NEW ORLEANS, LA., April 28, 1894.

RICHARD K. FOX—Charles Wittmar, of Cincinnati, has notified the Olympic Club that he will wrestle either Dan McLeod, of San Francisco, or Thomas Connor, the champion of England, catch-as-catch-can, either "Police Gazette" or Lancashire rules, for 60 per cent. of the gate money. The Olympic Club will allow \$150 for expenses. If you can arrange a match or secure either Connor or McLeod, I authorize you to sign.

W. A. SCHOLL, President Olympic Club.

On receiving the above, the Olympic Club's office was wired to McLeod.

The New Jersey Jockey Club, of which Mr. M. F. Dwyer is president, and whose race course is at Elizabeth, N. J., has leased Jerome Park, Fordham, N. Y. Mr. Dwyer conducted negotiations

for the lease with William R. Travers, and while it is not known exactly what figure he paid, it is safe to say that it is far below the \$35,000 which was asked for the property six weeks ago, when the Monmouth Park management made some inquiries concerning the rental. It is the intention of the New Jersey Club's management to give a thirty days' meeting at Jerome, beginning on July 4 and racing alternate days with the Brighton Beach Racing Association. This will fill in all the time between the Coney Island Jockey Club's spring and fall meetings. A great many improvements and repairs will be made at Jerome Park, and it is the intention of Mr. Dwyer and his associates to frame a first-class programme for the thirty days. Liberal purses will be offered, and a stake will be run each day of sufficient value to attract the best horses in training. Racing will be conducted under the rules and supervision of the Jockey Club, and the meeting will be first-class in every respect.

RICHARD K. FOX TO BUY THE YANKEE DOODLE.

In order to promote racing between steam launches, and in face of the fact that an international race is proposed between the Hibernia, owned by the Kingston Company, of London, Eng., and the Yankee Doodle, the champion steam launch of America, which is owned by the McBride Brothers, of Philadelphia, Pa., Richard K. Fox has decided to buy or build a steam launch which will not only beat the Hibernia, but any steam launch in the world. A few days ago Richard K. Fox wrote to the McBride Bros., asking what they would charge to build a boat able to beat the Yankee Doodle, or if they would sell the latter, and what would be the price. In reply, the following letter was received from the subject:

PHILADELPHIA, April 26, 1894.

MR. JAMES MOOREHEAD, MANAGER POLICE GAZETTE, NEW YORK:

Dear Sir—Your favor of the 24th inst. received and contents noted. We have had several inquiries relative to purchasing our Yankee Doodle, asking price, etc. Our object in building the Yankee Doodle was for the purpose of demonstrating the superior qualities of our patent steam boiler, which makes absolutely pure dry steam.

We are now fitting in her triple expansion engines, with which we expect to make phenomenal speed. We have not named a price for the Yankee Doodle to any one, and will not do so until after we run her with the new engines, which will be within a week or ten days.

From the sporting reputation of Mr. Richard K. Fox, we think our flyer could not fall into better hands, as he would make bluffers put up or shut up.

When we get her running, if you desire we can notify you and Mr. Fox, so that you could make a visit here, and we could give you a run on her.

We have some doubts about building a faster one, as we have reason to believe that our Yankee Doodle can beat anything and everything afloat.

Do you desire us to inform you when she is in commission? With thanks for your kind interest for our flyer, we are, respectfully yours, McBride Bros.

Should Richard K. Fox secure the Yankee Doodle or have a boat built to exceed her speed, he will send her to England and race against the Hibernia for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side, or any other steam launch in the world.

An international steam yacht race would create national interest on both sides of the Atlantic.

DECIDED IT A DRAW.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The long-pending glove fight between Johnny T. Griffon, of Braintree, Mass., and Albert Griffith, better known as Young Griffo, of Australia, was decided in the Casino, Boston, Mass., on April 23. A large crowd of sporting men from all parts of the country assembled to witness the contest.

Griffo was the first to enter the ring, accompanied by Jack Magee, Billy Murphy and Jack Williams, of Boston. The Australian was followed by Sam Fitzpatrick, Peter Jackson's old second, and Billy McCarthy, a fellow-Australian.

William A. Daly, of Boston, was referee. Daniel Murphy acted as timekeeper for the club, while Johnny Eckhardt, of New York, timed for Griffo, and Bill Crowley, of Hartford, Conn., did similar service for Griffith.

In the first round Griffo was the first to land, it being a light left on Griffith's cheek.

It was give and take for the next minute, but toward the end Griffo warmed up a bit and sent right and left into Griffith's stomach. Griffith placed two well-timed right-hand blows on the Australian's body. Griffo gave Griffith a one, two, three caused even the most enthusiastic Griffo men to think of their pet. It looked now like 10 to 1 on the Australian, despite the fact that they had been fighting but 3 minutes.

In the second Griffo landed in rapid succession, and it seemed but a question of time when the Australian would be declared the winner. Griffo worked his left with fairly good effect, but he lacked steam.

Griffo was much refreshed when they answered the call for the third round. His opponent seemed tired and groggy. Griffo rushed his man to the corner, but the latter managed to keep away. Griffo finally cornered him, and at the close it looked like Griffo.

Both men started the fourth with a do-or-die expression. The Australian's right found Griffo's face twice in rapid succession. A clinch followed. Both men broke away in good style. Griffo would allow Griffith to lead, and seemed satisfied to cross him with his right eye on the face and neck.

The eighth and final round showed to the spectators how well the foreigner could fight when urged. No sooner had the men shaken hands than he put his left on Griffith's nose and caused the blood to flow freely. Twice again did he land there, while his right was also put in on Griffith's jaw. Time was finally called, and according to the agreement of the men, which was that if both men were on their feet at the finish of the eighth round it should be a draw. *Referee* Daly so declared it.

In Boston and New York the disgruntled sports are now looking for some boxer they think can defeat Joe Walcott. Dick O'Brien, of Lewiston, Me., has been mentioned, but he is out of the question for two reasons. One is that he has drawn the color line, and the other is that he is two classes above Walcott. If O'Brien will waive the color line and come to 150 pounds, he can secure a match with Walcott for \$2,500 a side. It is doubtful if the Lewiston man can get to that weight. Billy Smith, Tommy Ryan and Bobby Dobbs have also been suggested as opponents. If their friends post a forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE it will be readily accepted by Tom O'Rourke, the backer of the colored wonder.

The boxing show arranged conjointly by Billy Madden and Prof. Mike Donovan at Lenox Lyceum, 59th street and Madison avenue, on April 25, was a success financially. The two important boxing contests was between Con Rordan and Mike Monahan, and Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, and Pete Burns, of Philadelphia. In the first contest Rordan knocked out the champion of the coal regions in one round, lasting 27 seconds. Pete Burns, of Philadelphia, and Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler, then entered the ring. The Cooler opened the ball by a stiff upper cut on the eye, and Peter was dazed. Thereafter it was the Cooler's fight. He planted hot left-handers on the nose, eye and ribs, and with a double blow on ribs and chin sent Burns down. Pete arose, and then the Cooler swung his right on the back of the head, and Burns went down clean knocked out. The fight lasted 44 seconds.

In New York, on April 25, the date for the proposed great contest between Albert Griffith and George Dixon for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" featherweight championship belt was decided upon. Griffo and his backers came on from Boston and met Tom O'Rourke and George Dixon at Miner's Bowery Theatre. It was agreed that the men will fight for \$5,000 a side, as originally intended. If no club offers a suitable purse the backers of the men will run the fight themselves. It will take place in Boston on June 18 if a license can be obtained by May 5. If not, the fight will probably be postponed for two weeks to give the Australian time to get in condition, \$1,000 having been posted by each side. The remaining \$4,000 will be posted one week before the date agreed for the fight.

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LATEST SPORTING NEWS.

Dan Creedon Knocks out Dick Moore in Minneapolis.

HOW THE CLUBS STAND.

Contest Between the "Kentucky Rosebud" and Eddie Pierce a Draw.

NEWS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Johnny Lamley will ride Leonawell in the Brooklyn. A Clayton has been engaged to ride Henry of Navarre in the Brooklyn Handicap.

Capt. Anson has made a bet of \$100 that the Colts will beat the Cleveland in the race for the pennant.

In the St. Louis book on the Brooklyn Handicap, Don Alonzo has been backed so heavily by Eastern commissioners that the book is full.

George Brown wants to make a match with Joe Parker, the English jumper. He says he will bet from \$100 to \$1,000 that he can defeat him.

Captain Crotty, of Austin, Tex., has written George Buear asking him to enter in the international single-scul race, which takes place at Austin on May 16.

Samuel Randall, of Pottsville, offers to match a 32-pound dog to fight any dog in Pennsylvania, New York or New Jersey, at 21 pounds, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

At Huddersfield, Eng., on April 28, the 10-mile championship foot race was won by Sid Thomas in 51 minutes 37 seconds. Watkins was second and Roberts third.

John J. Gorman, of Long Island City, got the decision over James Handler, of Newark, Bob Fitzsimmons' wonder, at the New York Athletic Club, in a 6-round glove contest on April 28.

Jim Hall says that the statement of Col. Hopkins that he threw his fight with Bob Fitzsimmons, and that Charley Mitchell made \$20,000 out of the late "Squire" Abington Baird by the fight, is false.

In England on May 5 the great international bicycle race will take place, in which the crack riders of France, England and America will meet. The French cyclists appear confident that they will win the first and second prizes.

Samuel Emmett, the English oarsman, who is to measure blades with George Buear, the English champion, over the Thames championship course for £100 on May 7, will challenge Wag Harding to row for the championship of England.

In the Ancient Concert Rooms, Dublin, Ireland, recently, a glove contest took place between Jack McGowan, of Glasgow, and Jack McCune, of Gowan. The men fought at 140 pounds. The Irish champion put McGowan to sleep in 12 seconds, to the surprise of the Scotch champion's admirers.

Paddy McCarthy called at the "Police Gazette" office with his backer, and left the following: "Seeing that James McCabe will back Billy Ahearn to box me for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, I will accept the challenge and will meet Ahearn and McCabe on Friday, May 4, to sign articles of agreement. If James McCabe means business he will be on hand and arrange a match."

Medway, the "Police Gazette" trick champion jumper of America, who injured himself in jumping over chairs on to champagne bottles, and then clearing another chair, alighting on bottles, has fully recovered, and he is again jumping. He intends going to England to compete for the jumping championship trophy which Richard K. Fox offered for all jumpers in the world to compete for in England.

Austin Gibbons, of Paterson, N. J., and Charley Johnson, of St. Paul, Minn., were matched on April 24 to fight 20 rounds or more for a purse of \$1,000 before the Ariel Club, of Norfolk, Va., on May 31. Gibbons posted \$250 to guarantee his appearance in the ring. Johnson had already signed and posted his money. John T. Lewis, of Norfolk, deposited \$250 to insure good faith on the part of the club. The men will fight at catch weights.

The New York "Daily News" recently published the following: Samson, the French champion strong man, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office to see Richard K. Fox, in reference to arranging a match with Louis Cyr, for the heavy-weight lifting championship of the world. Samson was informed that if he was in earnest, he should cover the \$500 posted with the Herald to back Cyr for \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side. Samson stated he would cover the money.

Nick Collins, whose portrait was recently published in the POLICE GAZETTE, called at this office. Collins said: "I will fight Charley Smith for \$250, \$500 or \$1,000, at 122 or 134 pounds, or catch weights. He can have his choice as to gloves—skin tight or 2 ounces. I don't care whether it is for a limited number of rounds or to a finish. I don't think he wants to fight, but if he is in earnest I will meet him at the POLICE GAZETTE office at any time to arrange a match."

Jack Lynch and Jim Gibbons, of Passaic, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and left the following:

NEW YORK, April 26, 1894.
RICHARD K. FOX—I am prepared to match Jack Kiernan, of Paterson, N. J., to fight Jack Levy, of New York, at 100 or 102 pounds, for \$100 to \$200 a side and purse. "Police Gazette" rules to govern. If this offer suits I will meet Levy and his backer any day he names to arrange a match.
JACK LYNCH.

The following was received at the "Police Gazette" office:

NEW ORLEANS, April 28.
RICHARD K. FOX—John H. Kiley, the featherweight champion of the South, who resides in Napoleonville, La., has issued a challenge to fight Nick Collins, of New York, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500 a side and the largest purse, and agrees to post \$250 deposit with Charles Noel, President of the Auditorium Club, if Collins will post a deposit to show that he means business.

Miss Annie Oakley, the "Police Gazette" female champion rifle and wing shot of the world, on April 27 broke the record for quick shooting at 100 clay pigeons, on the grounds of the Yanticaw Gun Club, at Nutley, N. J. She broke 100 clay pigeons in 6 minutes 32 seconds, beating the record of Rollo Helicks, of Dayton, O., by 1 minute 8 seconds. She made four trials, and in the third had broken 89 in less than 6 minutes, when her supply of ammunition gave out. She used three guns and three traps, and did her own loading.

Billy Smith, of Los Angeles, has been matched to fight Tommy Dixon, colored, the featherweight champion of Canada, for a purse, in the Twin City Athletic Club, Minneapolis, Minn. Dixon has been for some time past eager to meet any featherweight in this country. Probably he will have his wishes well gratified when he meets Smith. Although the latter did go down in front of George Dixon, the champion of champions, he is nearly up to the mark, and the Canadian champion will have to be a first-class man to defeat the Pacific Coast boxer, that is if he is to be the mark in condition.

The 4-round glove bout between Walter Edgerton, of Philadelphia, the Kentucky Rosebud, and Eddie Pierce, at Grand Central Palace, New York, on Feb. 28, ended in a draw. The third and fourth rounds were very exciting. Pierce showing remarkably good form by cleverly dodging out of the way of Edgerton's wicked

blows and landing many hard ones on the colored man's body and face. Capt. Berghold was afraid Pierce would knock out his opponent, and stopped the bout in the fourth round, after the boys had been fighting 2 minutes 3 seconds.

The following special cable was received at the "Police Gazette" office:

LONDON, April 28, 1894.
RICHARD K. FOX—All arrangements have been completed for the fight between Dick Burge, of Newcastle, the 10-stone champion, and Harry Nickless. They will fight in the Bollingbroke Club next Friday, May 4, for £600 and the 10 stone championship of England. Burge is the favorite at 6 to 4. The fight is creating considerable interest. The winner will fight any man in America, £500, largest purse, at 10 stone.

It is getting fashionable with boxers now to draw the color line when they have a hard job looking them in the face. It is so in the case with Joe Walcott. All the boxers of his weight in this country who have been claiming the championship have drawn the line on the Boston man before they were asked to fight him. Tommy Ryan said before Walcott met Tracy that if Walcott won he would make a match with him. Within ten hours after the contest Ryan had a statement in the papers announcing that he would not meet Walcott on account of his color. There is only one inference to be drawn, and that is that Ryan does not like Walcott's game. The sporting men are getting tired of having pugilists draw the color line.

The second week of the battle for the baseball championship has ended and judging from the improvement in the play of many of the twelve clubs that are playing in the League, the campaign is going to be interesting. More interest, especially in the East, appears manifested over the struggle, for nearly 30,000 spectators witnessed the New York defeat the Baltimore by 9 to 6. The following is the official standing of the League clubs, of games won, lost, and percentage up to April 29, compiled for the POLICE GAZETTE:

Clubs. Won. Lost. Pct. Clubs. Won. Lost. Pct.

St. Louis..... 6 1 .857 New York..... 3 4 .429

Philadelphia..... 6 2 .750 Pittsburgh..... 3 4 .429

Boston..... 5 2 .714 Brooklyn..... 2 5 .286

Cleveland..... 5 2 .714 Louisville..... 2 5 .286

Baltimore..... 4 3 .571 Washington..... 2 6 .250

Cincinnati..... 4 3 .571 Chicago..... 1 6 .143

In reference to the fact that James J. Corbett has declared the articles of agreement between himself and Peter Jackson null and void, Charles E. Davies, of Chicago, the manager and backer of Peter Jackson, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that Corbett "has as much right to declare the agreement null and void as he has to claim the stake money without fighting for it, but you see he is Gentleman Jim and white in color." Davies goes on to say that he will hold Corbett strictly to the agreement and will not tolerate any nonsense. If Corbett fails to comply with every stipulation in the agreement Davies says he will make the champion suffer the consequences. Of the stakes, which amount to \$30,000, each principal has posted \$7,000. The remaining \$6,000, according to the agreement signed by both Corbett and Jackson, will have to be posted on May 17. If Corbett fails to post his \$3,000 on time Davies says he will claim all moneys in the hands of the stakeholder.

In the Bollingbroke Club, London, England, on May 4, an important prize fight will be decided, and the result, even on this side of the Atlantic will be eagerly looked for. The battle will be between Dick Burge, the 140-pound champion of England, who won the light-weight championship by defeating Jimmy Carney, and Harry Nickless, of London. They are to weigh at the ring side and fight at 140 pounds for £200 a side and a purse of £200 and the 10-stone championship of England. The winner will receive stakes and £175 of the purse. Burge is a favorite with Newcastle sporting men, where he hails from, but in London Nickless is looked for the winner. There is no limit to the number of rounds under the rules of the Bollingbroke Club, and the articles of agreement stipulate twenty rounds or more. Burge is well known in this country, having made two unsuccessful trips over here, one to fight Jack McAuliffe and the other to fight Jack Dempsey.

The glove contest between Dick Moore, of Minneapolis, Minn., and Dan Creedon, the middleweight champion of Australia, for a purse of \$1,500 and the middleweight championship of the world, was decided in the Twin City Athletic Club, Minneapolis, Minn., on April 27. About 2,500 spectators witnessed the battle. Creedon was the favorite, but Moore had plenty of supporters. Creedon weighed 159 pounds, and Moore 158 pounds. Great interest was manifested over the affair, and Moore had the sympathy of the crowd owing to the fact that Minnesota claims him as the representative champion of the State. Both men had trained for the battle, and toed the scratch in first-class condition. The battle for seven rounds was well contested, Creedon demonstrating that he was Moore's superior. Moore, however, fought gamely, and punished Creedon severely. At the end of the seventh round it was plain to be seen that Creedon would win; the heavy blows the Australian champion had landed on Moore's body had told the tale, and he was beginning to hoist signals of distress. In the eighth round Moore was weak on his legs, but still game, and stood a fighting chance of winning. Creedon had decided the best of the round. In the ninth round the fighting was fast, but in a minute Moore was knocked in his face again. He stayed down till nine was counted. Creedon hit Moore a couple of times on the nose, but Moore failed to go down until a left-hander caught him under the chin and knocked him out. Moore did not rise for nearly a minute, and amid a chorus of cheers the referee declared Creedon the winner.

A letter was received from Jim Hall at the "Police Gazette" office last week in which the conqueror of Frank P. Slavin shows that he is again ready to enter the twenty-four foot ring in a second encounter with Bob Fitzsimmons, who defeated him in a battle at the Crescent City Athletic Club, New Orleans. The following is the famous Australian pugilist's offer:

"ST. LOUIS, April 26, 1894.
"RICHARD K. FOX—I see by the papers that Bob Fitzsimmons continues to issue challenges to fight any man in the world, but Peter Jackson. If he means business why don't he put up a forfeit with some of \$500 or \$1,000? I will fight Fitzsimmons. Some time ago I put up a forfeit of \$2,000 to bind a match with him. He wouldn't cover my money, yet he talks about fighting people for a purse; if he's broke I will fight him for a purse.
"I am willing to make a London ring rule fight in Mexico with Fitzsimmons, or at Queensberry rules, for a stake and purse, or if he is broke, for the purse alone.
"I am positive I can get an offer of a \$10,000 purse for a Queensberry encounter before the National Club of London. Lord Lansdale is a friend of mine, and will put up the purse if I but say the word. I haven't made this suggestion to Fitzsimmons before, and if he will accept it, I will cable the National Club, though Fitzsimmons must put up a forfeit to guarantee his appearance in the ring.
"If no club in America will offer a purse, then there are two courses left. The first, to fight before the National Club in London, and the second, to jump across the Rio Grande river into Mexico. As I have from reliable authority, beyond newspaper talk, that the trick can be turned down there, and that responsible parties of El Paso will guarantee a big purse for a big contest at El Paso.
"I could meet Fitzsimmons at his own game, as he says he is an expert wrestler, and therefore as adept at London ring rules. I am ready to fight, and if Fitzsimmons will put up a deposit I will cover it. Yours,
JIM HALL."

OUR VISITORS.

The following sporting men called at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week: Pugilists—Jack Levy, Tommy Kelly, the Harlem Spider, George Siddons, Harry Tuthill, Jerry Barnett, Jack McAuliffe, Mike Haley, Jim Gibbons, Charley Kelly, Eddy Wallace, Marty Delaney, Pat Cahill, Jimmy Carroll, Jimmy Gorman, Henry Newmiller, Billy Madden, Joe Walcott, Con Riordan, Denny Butler, Paddy McCarthy. Sporting men—Johnny Dunn, Jim McCabe, Fred E. Merritt, Tom Hogan, Dick Cahill, Charley Wagner, James Kerrigan, Dave O'Connor, Sampson, Ed McLoughlin, John T. Griffin, Wm. O'Connor, Ted Burke, Mike Hayes, James Knowles, James Flannigan, Clarence Montague, Jack Fitzpatrick.

ST. NEXT WEEK! Look out for No. 872 POLICE GAZETTE, with its Great Lithographic Colored Supplement, representing Corbett and Jackson in realistic fighting attitudes. Published Thursday, May 10th. Price only 10 cents at all newsdealers, or send \$1.00 to this office for 15 weeks' subscription.

RICHARD K. FOX, PUBLISHER.

POINTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS

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W. R. W., Knoxville, Tenn.—B is correct.
H. S., Minier, Ill.—Neither wins the wager.
J. H., Brooklyn.—We cannot publish your portrait.
L. J. M., Roslyn, Wash.—No; not without a warrant.
SPRINGFIELD, North Indianapolis, Ind.—About 33½ inches.
G. R., Syracuse, N. Y.—B could not build off the table.
P. H. F., Ganges, Mich.—We cannot advise you what to do.
J. B., Rush Lake, Can.—We do not give addresses' addresses.
G. W. N., Parrish, Wis.—We may use portrait if there is space.
HAWKSWOOD BOAT CLUB, New York.—We published the matter.
O. C. W., Ramsey, Mo.—We do not want the cup you write about.
READERS, Nobara, Neb.—We have not Harris' photo. Send on one.

R. C., Corry, Pa.—We cannot do anything in the matter or advise you.

R. S. R., Broadview, Assa.—A. T. Stewart was a native of Ireland.

J. A., Providence, R. I.—Apply to Drexel & Morgan, New York City.

C. E. W., Erie, Pa.—Prof. John Donaldson was born in Cleveland, Ohio.

J. M. C., Hornellsville, N. Y.—Because it is the day set by Congress.

D. S. C., Syracuse, N. Y.—We do not know any dealers in antique armor.

A. W., Utica, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height.

P. W. G., —, Mitchell weighed 156 pounds when he fought Corbett.

J. J., —, If you will write more to the point we will answer your question.

C. W., Farmington, Ill.—Bob Fitzsimmons was born in Cornwall, England.

M. F., Salt Lake, Utah.—Thanks for items. Let us hear from you again.

J. D., Fletcher, Mich.—Peter Jackson was born in 1861 in the West Indies.

C. M., Denver, Col.—B wins when A failed to throw him in the time specified.

J. H. E., Bristol, Tenn.—Apply to the American News Company. We cannot say.

F. K., Escanaba, Mich.—The man that gives three and only makes two is set back.

I. V., Montreal, Can.—John L. Sullivan was born in Boston, Mass., on Oct. 15, 1858.

E. T., St. Paul, Minn.—Jem Mace won that title in 1870, when he defeated Tom Allen.

R. T. D., Columbus, Ga.—Corbett and Mitchell fought with four ounces boxing gloves.

W. T., Fort Missoula, Mont.—Peter Jackson defeated Frank P. Slavin in ten rounds.

R. D., Albany, N. Y.—If A refused to put down his dog when ordered to do so he lost.

D. B., Franklin, Wash.—It is claimed they fought a draw in Birmingham, England.

J. W., Harrisburg, Pa.—John L. Sullivan was born in Boston and not Ireland, and A wins.

C. A. S., York City, Pa.—Wm. Muldoon is not the champion wrestler. He has retired.

P. J. E., New York.—George Dixon and Johnny Griffin, of Braintree, Mass., never fought.

J. L. S., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—The hand is natural, and there is no draw to the game of pedro.

A. J. D., Newark, N. J.—Corbett is the champion boxer of the world but not the prize ring champion.

SENIOR A. B., Manchester, N. H.—Mitchell weighed 156 pounds the day he entered the ring to fight Corbett.

J. J. McC., Haverstraw, N. Y.—Your question is muddled. Tom O'Brien is not a fighter but a bunco man.

S. W., Johnstown.—Joe Goss and Tom Allen fought in England before they met in this country. A wins.

P. E., Syracuse.—I. Barney Aaron never fought Billy Edwards.

2. Barney Aaron fought Sam Collier twice.

M. L., Litchfield, Conn.—1. Thanks. 2. Sullivan and Mitchell have only met once in a limited-round contest.

M. G. F., Williamsbridge, N. Y.—We do not keep any record of the height of buildings in New York or Chicago.

S. G., Troy, N. Y.—1. Tom King and John C. Heenan only fought once. You must have meant Jim Mace. 2. No.

M. D., Roby, Ind.—A letter addressed to Jack McAuliffe, Fifty-fourth street and Third avenue, New York, will reach him.

V. K., Chicago, Ill.—Billy Vernon's first battle was fought in 1888, when he defeated Fred Plummer of Haverstraw in five rounds.

S. D., New York.—There is no such weight Feather, light, middle and heavyweight are the only recognized classes in boxing.

WAGNER, Brooklyn, N. Y.—We have no means of correctly answering your question as George Dixon has fought at various weights.

S. J., Toledo, O.—1. We have not the address of Andre Christol.

2. A letter addressed to William Muldoon, Belfast, N. Y., will reach him.

T. G., Norwalk, Conn.—Pete McCoy weighed 148 pounds, and Dominick McCaffrey 164 pounds, when they fought at Boston, Mass.

R. S., Kansas City.—1. Charles Mitchell was born in Birmingham, Eng., Nov. 24, 1861. He stands 5 feet 8½ inches in height. 2. No.

S. W., Cohoes, N. Y.—Evan Morris, of Pittsburg, Pa., never defeated Edward Hanlan. The latter defeated Morris for the championship.

M. W. P., New York.—The City and Suburban distance is one and a quarter miles, for three-year-olds and upwards. It is run at Epsom, England.

M. T., Rochester, N. Y.—1. The "Police Gazette" dog fighting rules are considered the best. 2. We do not know the address of the owner of Badger.

N. B. M., New Bedford, Mass.—Beef brine and alcohol or lemon juice will harden either face or hands; or coppers, lemon and horseradish juice.

S. E., Harrisburg.—Dominick McCaffrey and Jack Dempsey boxed ten rounds in Jersey City on January 31, 1888. Dempsey was declared the winner.

P. T., Tower City, Pa.—Any one who contends for gate money or other money becomes a professional, and he is debarred from competing as an amateur.

P. S., New York.—We cannot arrange such a match. Issue a challenge in the POLICE GAZETTE and post a forfeit, and you may succeed in arranging a match.

SPORT, Sugar Run, Pa.—1. Eleven feet five and three-eighths inches, by Wm. S. Rodenbaugh, at Philadelphia, Pa., on September 17, 1892. 2. There is no record.

M. A., Buffalo, N. Y.—Bob Fitzsimmons was born at Elton, Cornwall, England, June 4, 1862. He stands 6 feet in height. He arrived in America on May 15, 1890.

R. J., Detroit, Mich.—Billy Edwards did not win the fight you

mention? Billy Tracy, of New York, was referee, and awarded the fight to Arthur Chambers on a foul.

W. J., Jacksonville, Fla.—Frank P. Slavin and Jake Kilrain met in a 10-round contest in the Granite Athletic Club, Hoboken, on June 10, 1890. Slavin won in 9 rounds.

L. H., Baltimore, Md.—Jimmy Mitchell, of Philadelphia, and Jimmy Carney fought on June 18, 1887, for \$2,000. Carney won in 11 rounds, lasting 41 minutes 40 seconds.

A. C., New Orleans, La.—Jack McAuliffe defeated Jimmy Carroll for \$10,000 stake and a purse of \$3,000 in 47 rounds lasting 8 hours 13 minutes at San Francisco, March 21, 1890.

L. P., Brooklyn.—1. James J. Corbett stands 6 feet 1 inch in height. 2. Charley Mitchell stands 5 feet 8½ inches in height. 3. John L. Sullivan was born on October 15, 1858.

W. E., Boston, Mass.—Wallace Ross won the international single scull prize at Seekonk regatta, Providence. Robert W. Boyd, the English champion, and Edward Hanlan rowed in the same race.

C. H. H., Lake City, Fla.—1. There is no prize ring champion, John L. Sullivan having retired after being beaten by James J. Corbett with gloves. 2. Corbett is the boxing champion of the world.

T. W., Memphis.—The fighting-weight limits classified under the London prize ring rules are as follows: featherweight, 118 pounds; lightweight, 133; middleweight, 154; heavyweight all over 154 pounds.

D. B., Hartford, Conn.—1. The Futurity stakes in 1891 was won by His Highness. 2. In 1890 Surefoot won the Two Thousand Guineas. 3. It was in 1888 that Ayrshire won the Two Thousand Guineas.

W. P., Philadelphia.—1. Send 25 cents to this office for "The Police Gazette Standard Book of Rules." 2. Hugging on the ropes or off the ropes when fighting according to "Police Gazette" rules is foul. 3. B was correct.

O. M., Denver, Col.—1. Ned O'Baldwin stood 6 feet 5½ inches in height. 2. A wins. 3. Sam Freeman, the American giant, who fought Bill Perry, the Tipson Slasher, was the tallest pugilist who ever fought in the prize ring.

R. W., Pottsville, Pa.—Wallace Ross was never champion of America. He won the International Regatta at Providence, R. I., defeating Robert Watson Boyd and Edward Hanlan, but that race was not for the championship.

W. L., Idaho City.—1. Nat Langham is the name of the pugilist who defeated Tom Sayers. 2. Harry Orme defeated Langham. 3. Tom Sayers and Nat Langham only fought once. The latter never gave Sayers the opportunity to retrieve his defeat.

J. P. J., Chicago, Ill.—1. Joe Goddard was born in New South Wales. He is not a colored man. 2. George Godfrey was born in Prince Edwards Island. He is colored. 3. Goddard knocked out Peter Maher at Consey Island in three rounds, 6 minutes and 50 seconds.

R. W., Kansas City.—1. Sam Hurst, the Stalybridge Infant, was in this country. He lived in New York in 1870, making The Arbor, 50 West Houston street, his headquarters. 2. Hurst and Jem Mace fought June 21, 1861, for £400 and the championship of England, and Mace won.

B., Jersey City, N. J.—In fighting according to Queensberry rules, if the contest is to be 10 rounds, after that number have been fought the contest ends. In fighting by "Police Gazette" rules, even when it is agreed to fight a limited number of rounds, the referee has the power to order additional rounds until the battle is decided.

W. A. T., Kensington, Ill.—Peter Morris was born in Birmingham, England, on August 7, 1840. He weighed 110 pounds and stood 5 feet 4 inches in height. It was on April 5, 1860, that he defeated Jim Fox for £15 a side. The fight lasted 1 hour 10 minutes and 33 seconds were fought when Morris was declared the winner.

W. J., New York.—1. Edward A. Trickett defeated Joseph H. Sadler on the Thames, England, for £400 and the championship of the world on June 27, 1876. 2. The distance of the Thames championship course is four miles three furlongs. The starting point is the Star and Garter at Putney and the finish at the Old Ship at Mortlake.

W. P., Omaha.—Only six horses have succeeded in earning the triple victory of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby and St. Leger. These were West Australian in 1853; Gladstair in 1860; Lord Lyon in 1868; Ormonde in 1888; Common in 1891; and Inglefax in 1893. The St. Leger was first run in 1776, the Derby in 1780 and the Two Thousand Guineas in 1809.

R. W., Los Angeles, Cal.—Louis Cyr, of Montreal, is the champion strong man of the world. He has proved his claim by beating all records with weights and dumbbells, and the fact that neither Samson, Sandow or Cyclops accepted the challenge published by Cyr in the New York Herald, in which Richard K. Fox posted \$500 for a match for \$5,000 a side and the championship, goes to prove who is the champion.

B. W., Cairo, Ill.—The Australian race horse Portsea is a bay horse, foaled 1888, and was bred by Sir T. Elder. He is by Neck-eragat, son of Talk of the Hill, by Wild Dayrell, and Miss Giraff, by King Tom; dam Lady Loveince, by Gang Forward, son of Stockwell; 2d dam Ada, by Lucifer, son of Gemma di Verdy, out of Imp. Zenobia, by Kingston. On March 8, 1894, at the Victoria Jockey Club, Portsea covered the distance in 5.23½, carrying 131 pounds, which is the best on record.

P. S., San Francisco.—1. Duncan C. Ross was born in Turkey of Scotch parents, and is thirty-eight years old. He served in the Royal Scotch Grays of the British army and was discharged in 1876. He came to America and became an American citizen. 2. Ross is unquestionably the best all-round athlete in the country. He stands six feet one-quarter of an inch in height and weighs 340 pounds. He measures 47½ inches around the chest, biceps 16½ inches, calf 17½ inches, thigh 26½ inches.

W. P., Hartford, Conn.—1. It would take too much space to explain the difference between "Police Gazette" London prize ring and Queensberry rules. If you will send 25 cents we will send you a book which contains all the rules. 3. In fighting according to Queensberry or "Police Gazette" rules, the contestants are to fight three minutes when the round ends and one minute rest is allowed between each round. Only thirty seconds rest is allowed when fighting according to London prize ring rules.

H. C. A., Cleveland, Ohio.—Frank P. Slavin beat M. Power in 1 rounds; beat Jim Burke in 3 rounds; beat Tom Taylor in 3 rounds; beat Bilgh in 1 round; beat Mike Mike Dooley in 9 rounds; fought a draw with Mike Costello, lasting 2½ hours; beat Mike Costello in 30 minutes; beat Laing in 5 rounds; fought a draw with Jack Burke in 3 rounds; beat Bill Farnham in 3 rounds; beat Bill Buck in 2 rounds; beat Bill Goode in 5 rounds; fought a draw with Jim Smith in 14 rounds; beat Joe McAuliffe in 2 rounds; beat Jake Kilrain in 9 rounds, and was beaten by Peter Jackson in 10 rounds and also beaten by Jim Hall in 7 rounds.



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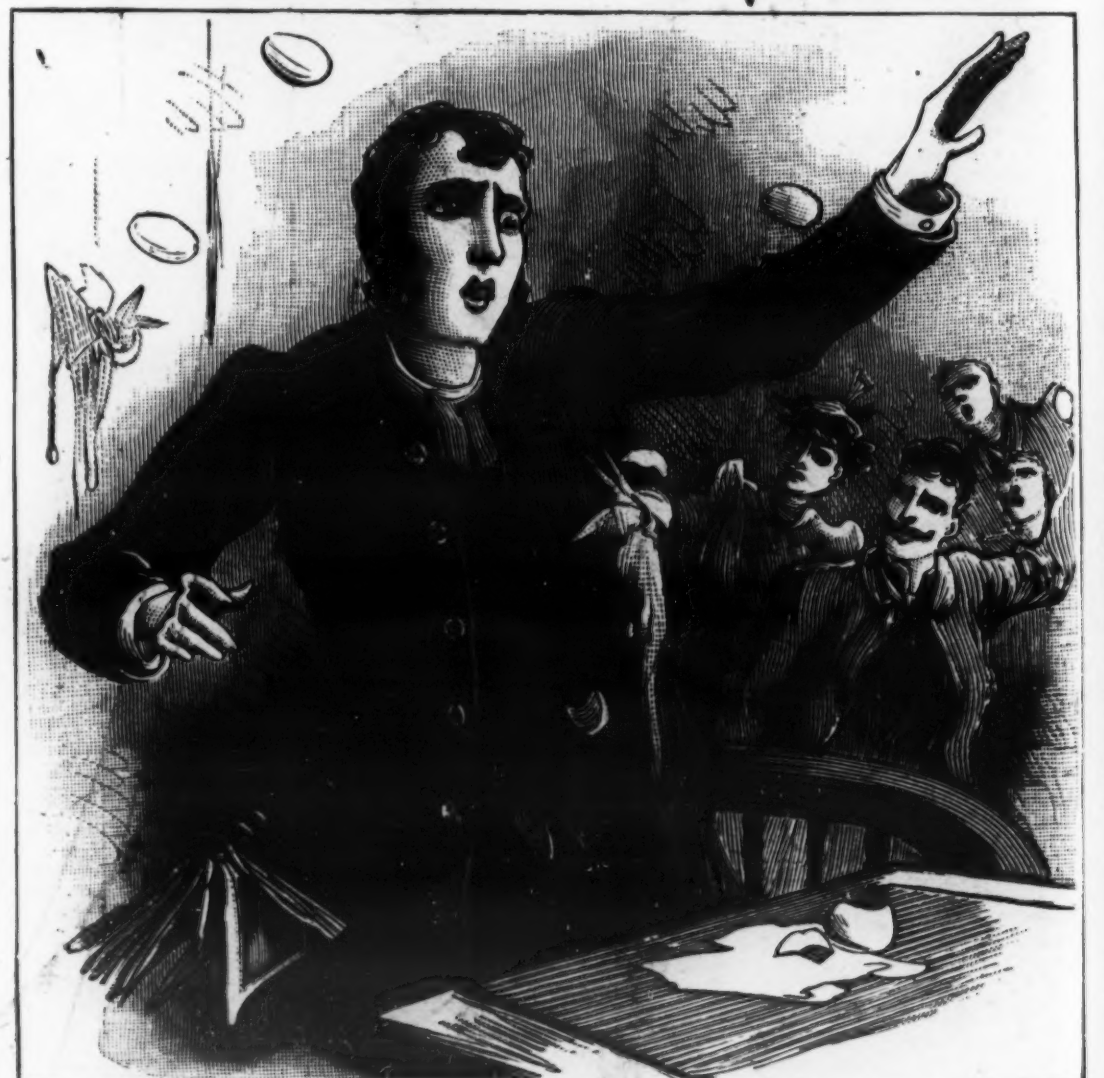
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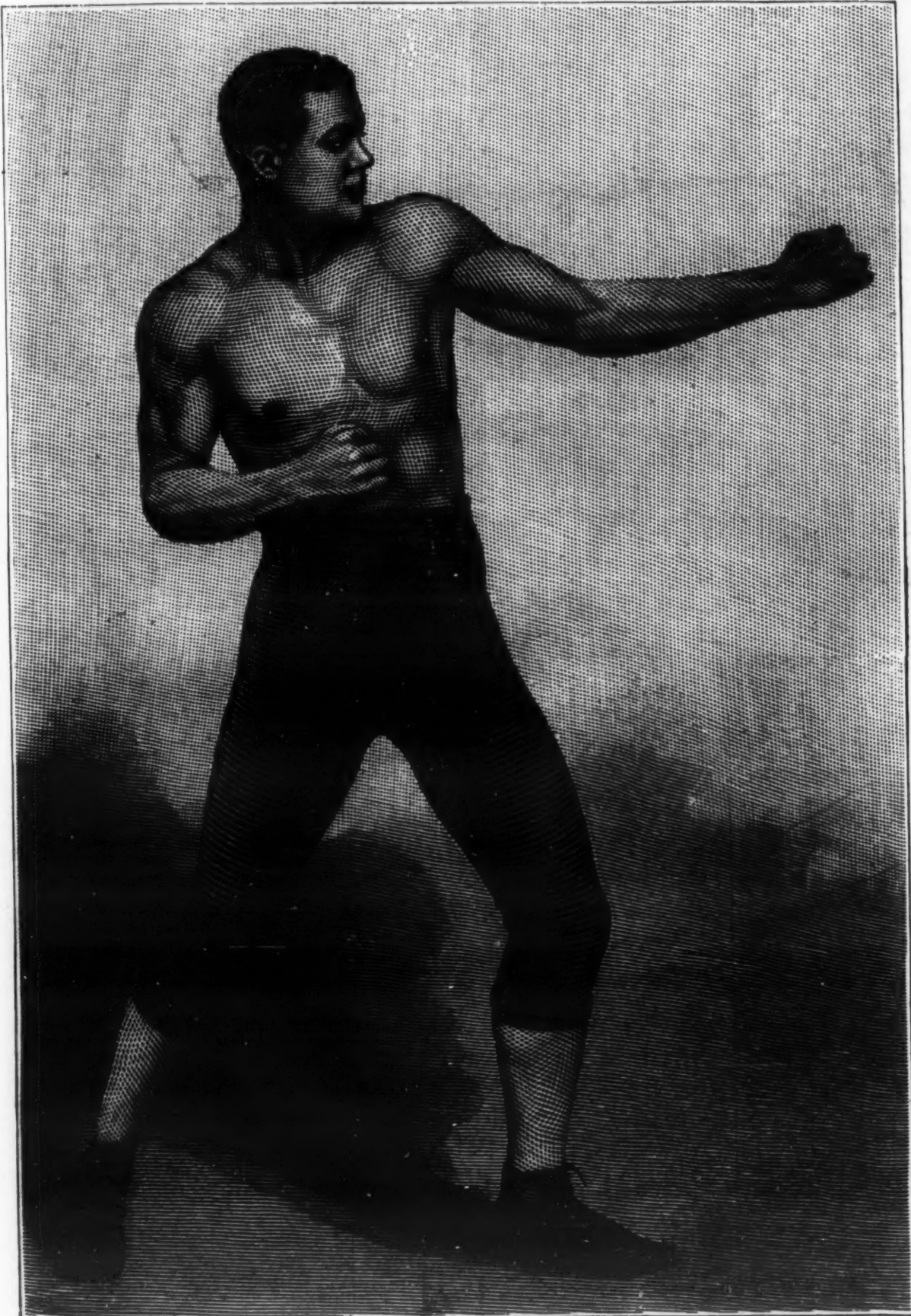
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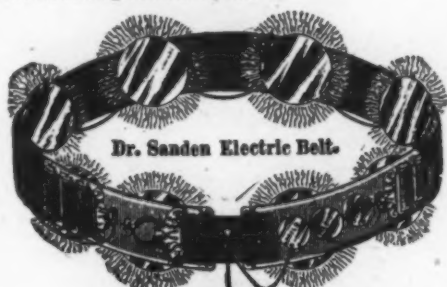


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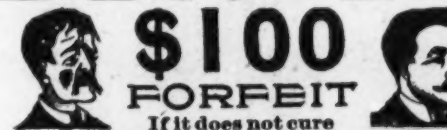


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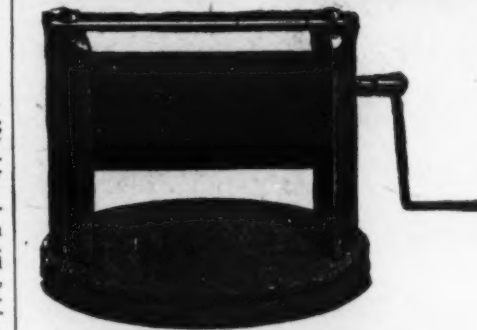
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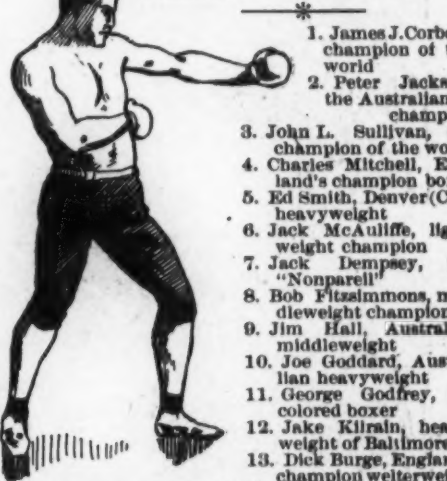
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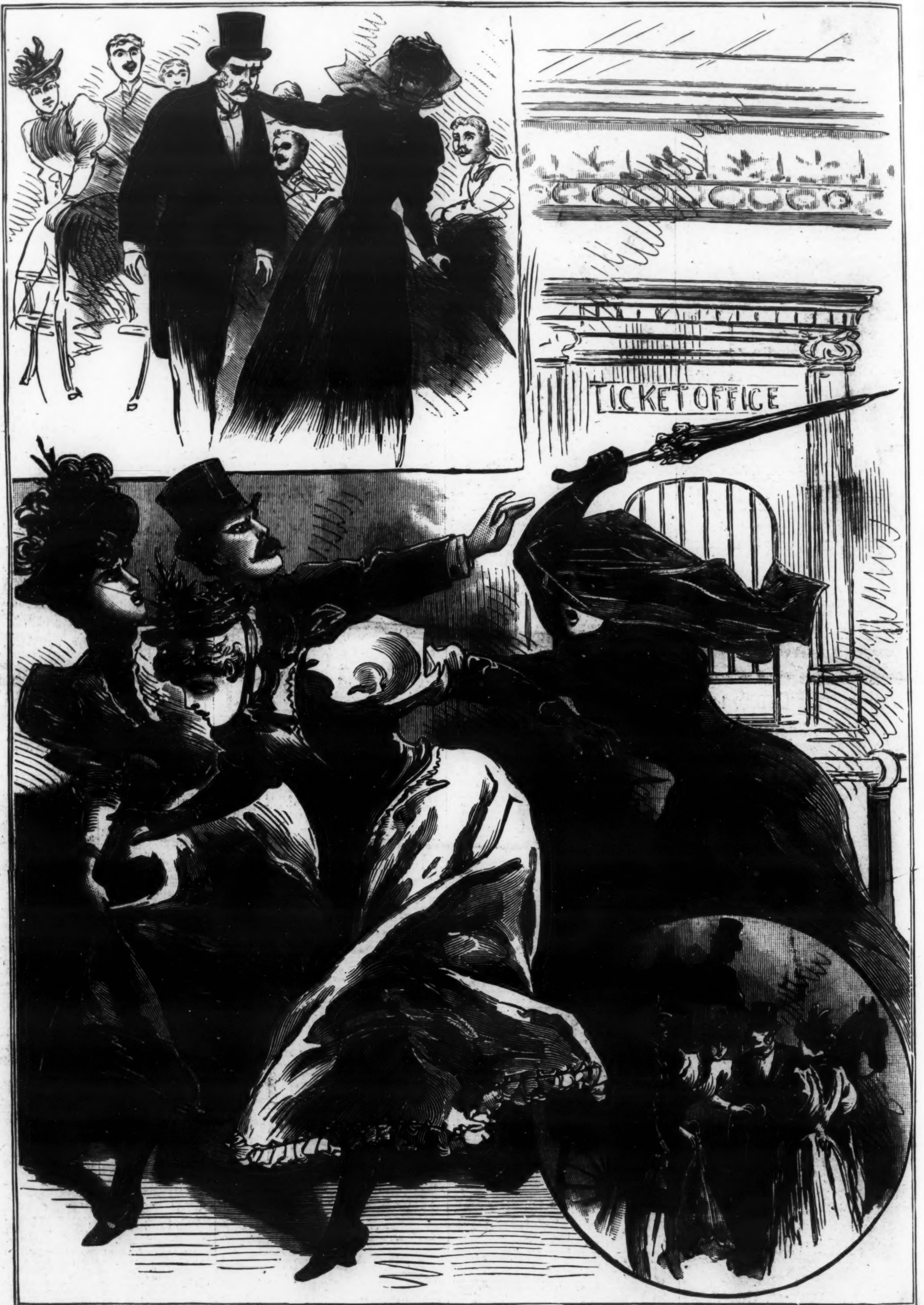
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